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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

ANTI-SLAVERY CLERICAL CONVENTION.

From The New York Herald, August 12.

By telegraph we learn that an Anti-Slavery Convention of the clergy of Ohio was held on Wednesday and yesterday at Columbus, the capital of that State; that all parts of Ohio were well represented, and that resolutions were adopted in opposition to slavery, and an ecclesiastical organization established, in conformity with the call, which was as follows:

"All denominations who believe and deeply feel that slavery is our nation's great crime (and her great calamity and the source of her greatest danger as well) are invited to meet to deliberate and pray, to give public expression to views, and to organize a system of efforts which shall aid in enlisting and arousing the public conscience and enlightening the Christian energies of the State and nation against this great iniquity."

This is following up the action of the three thousand clergymen of the New England States who at the time of the Kansas imbroglio issued their manifesto like a Papal bull, which was so much fuel added to an excitement that threatened to involve the whole country in a civil war. The clergy never mingle in political strife but to fan the flame or throw oil into the fire. At that time Henry Ward Beecher, at a meeting in New Haven, declared that Sharpe's rifle was a much better instrument of civilization and liberty than the Bible; and accordingly the man of God, whose mission is to preach peace and good will to men, paid down his subscription on the spot for one of those deadly weapons, to put into the hands of the free soil emigrants to shoot down the "border ruffians"; and this was all done for the love of black humanity and the assertion of its equal rights, which is so beautifully illustrated in the Kansas Constitution recently adopted by the "Free State" party, in which the negro race is as completely ignored as if it consisted of live stock, or other chattels.

And now again we have the clergy coming forward to harp on the same anti-slavery string—to interfere in the political affairs of the country, instead of attending to the duties for which they were appointed. Instead of preserving their purity and that just influence for good which it would be sure to wield among their flocks if they kept aloof from the contamination of politics, they mix themselves up with the dirty corrupt parties of the day, and thus not only lower their sacred calling, but degrade their own personal characters, by coming in contact with a class of politicians whom every honest, decent man keeps at arm's length.

But this view of the course of the clergy chiefly affects themselves and the welfare of their respective flocks. There is another point of view in which their action affects the country at large. Their inflammable appeals, tinged as they are with religious fanaticism, are dangerous to the peace of the country, and may lead to the most serious consequences. We know that much of the blood that was shed in the Kansas strife was owing to their "organized system of efforts"; for bad men were glad to get their sanction for rapine and murder, and even good but mistaken men were led astray by their undue influence. Their present organization, by which they propose to "arouse the public conscience," is calculated to produce the same results, and perhaps may end in something far worse. Once kindle a politico-religious conflagration, and there is no telling where it may stop. The excitement of politics, especially on the slavery question, is bad enough without the religious element, and the feeling between North and South is already sufficiently embittered. But let ecclesiastical animosity be thrown into the hell-broth which boils in the political cauldron, and what can be expected from such a compound but double strife and trouble?

Lastly, it is dangerous to the liberties of the country to permit the interference of the ecclesiastical power in its political affairs. It is true that there is no law to prevent it; for this is one of the evils inseparable from free speech. But there is a law of public opinion, which, if properly brought to bear, would be just as effectual as any statute. Let the press all over the country denounce this usurpation, and let every congregation, no matter what may be its political complexion, rebuke its pastor for the first offence, should he be guilty of it, and for the second send him adrift to find his proper level among the political dregs for which he feels a greater affinity than for the elevated business of his clerical profession. Every layman, no matter whether his politics be the same as those of the ecclesiastical intruder or not, ought to frown down his interference as a precedent full of peril to civil liberty.

If the clergy are permitted to mingle in the agitation of the slavery question, the time will come when they will mingle in other political matters, and those who from party spirit avail themselves of such aid to-day may reject it hereafter when it is too late. Give the clergy an inch in political matters, and they will take an ell. This has ever been their history from the beginning. And the characteristic feature of their politics is, that they are always narrow-minded, illiberal, and exclusive, it matters not whether they are Protestants or Catholics. The Jesuits were not worse than the Roundheads, and the one-man power at Rome never was more despotic than the politico-religious Puritanism of New England, which insisted on coercing all men to the dimensions of its own procrustean bed.

From The National Era.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, who, from his supereminent, transcendental stand-point looks down with blighting scorn or melting pity upon the lower strata of anti-slavery men, who, in their blindness, think that the best thing that they can do is to cooperate with the Republican party for the overthrow of the Slave Power, thus alludes to *The Era* in a recent letter:

"Shall we say slavery is a sin, and quote Channing on the dignity of human nature? The hearer will say, 'True, but *The Tribune* or *The Era* will allow that, and yet show us a royal road to duty, with no thorns in it, and no sacrifices to make.'"

It is not enough that *The Era* and the Republicans oppose slavery on every ground of justice, morality, religion and policy, which the fertile fancy of Mr. Phillips could suggest. It is not enough that we combat slavery, on slave soil, while he keeps at the safe distance of five hundred miles from the hated monster. Our sin is, that we differ with Mr. Phillips. He has written a book, and he will stand by it. He has demonstrated that the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, "a covenant with death and a league with hell," and hence all who vote under it, or hold office under it, enter into this covenant.

We may remark, by the way, that this book of Mr. Phillips's is the only one in the whole range of anti-slavery literature which finds any favor among the slavery propagandists. It establishes their theory to their entire satisfaction as well as to his, upon the high abolition authority of the Boston orator. We incline to suspect that many of the more ultra demands of the Slave Power were suggested to the leaders of the oligarchy by the study of Mr. Phillips's book. He is so intensely anti-slavery that he will not even cast his pure, unsullied abolition vote into the same poll-box which contains pro-slavery votes! He will not sully his ballot by the foul contact. Mr. P. is so ferocious in his hatred of slavery and of pro-slavery people that he will have nothing to do with them, or against them. He will not assist the Republicans to put them down by the ballot, nor the Radical Abolitionists by the bayonet. His sole weapons of war are denunciations, winged with transcendental wit and eloquence, and hurled a distance of five hundred miles at the devoted heads of the oligarchs. If they are not completely withered, wilted, or melted into a sense of their guilt, it will not be his fault, but theirs.

Mr. Phillips's non-voting, non-resistant method of extinguishing slavery reminds us of the story of the honest anti-bank man, who burnt up the bank bills as an infallible method of destroying the credit of the institution. He says to the friends of slavery, "I wash my hands of all connection with you. I will not vote against such a set of miscreants. I am also a man of peace, and I will not resist you by arms or otherwise. Go ahead, vote yourselves into Congress and the Presidency, buy, steal, or conquer Cuba, establish a slave code for the Territories, revive the slave trade, but do what you will, I denounce you in the name of God and Liberty!" Such is substantially the platform and the policy of Mr. Wendell Phillips. He is welcome to enjoy, all alone, the harvest of glory it may produce.

THE NOVEL COMPROMISE OF SWAPPING ROGUES FOR INNOCENT MEN.

THE recent compromise enacted in Ohio, by which three or four men, accused and arrested for the crime of kidnapping, and committed for trial, were suddenly let off without trial, without reprobation, without punishment for so great a wickedness, demands some explanation. It seems these guilty men, guilty of one of the highest crimes known in barbarous or civilized, in savage or Christian society, were swapped off in exchange for four or five times as many *innocent* men, accused of the crime of ministering a cup of cold water, according to the command of the Savior of the world, to the outcast and the fugitive. The guilty men were let off as innocent, on condition that the innocent men might not be subjected to trial as guilty.

It was a species of exchange of prisoners, in this war now waging for freedom, between the people of the United States and the Slave Power. How the innocent men themselves could have submitted to the exchange is a mystery; for it certainly savors of degradation, and the baseness of a bargain, for some fifteen good Samaritans, condemned for an act of pure benevolence, to be put in the scales, and weighed against four men-stealers, it being intended that neither party shall kick the beam; but, poised in air by American justice, they are exactly on a level, so that, provided the wretches guilty of men-stealing can be let off free of the gallows or of State prison, the Christians charged with the sin of pitying the stolen man may be set at large in like manner.

It seems, then, that the sin of aiding a poor fugitive in our country is on a par with the crime of kidnapping a man; that any day a kidnapper may be secure from any punishment in his villany, provided that only the government happen to have on hand in their possession a prisoner of humanity to offer in exchange. And the people of Ohio seem to have come to that degree of humiliation, that they accept with joy and exultation, as if it were a great triumph, the release of some fifteen innocent Christian men, charged with crime in having had compassion on an oppressed fellow-being, on condition (as an offset for the mercy of such deliverance) that they let go unscathed the four apprehended men-stealers! The men-stealers, as we understand it, were in charge of the State of Ohio, having been found, in the language of Gov. Chase, in the act of making war against the State, and being accused of the crime of kidnapping.

The innocent men were accused of bowels of compassion, in attempting to protect the injured victim of such kidnapping, cruelty and violence, and were in power and charge of the United States; and these two sovereign parties and powers propose a cartel, or exchange of prisoners; we know not from which side the proposition came, but so it is, or was; the exchange was proposed, and has been effected; a *noll. pros.* on the one side, entered as an equivalent for a *noll. pros.* on the other, and so the whole difficulty settled! We know not whether to call this a tragedy or comedy of injustice; it is a farce, a disgrace, both to Ohio and the Federal Government, to dignify it with the *name* of justice.

For if the fifteen men, arrested and thrown into prison for having compassion on the trembling fugitive, were guilty of a crime against the just and constitutional laws of this country, they ought not to be let off on a bribe, on a bargain; they ought to receive the punishment due to their crime. If the sovereign State of Ohio could not justly and constitutionally protect them, it ought not to consent to their being released; the people at the same time going into hallelujahs for this event, as if it were a great act and triumph of patriotism.

But if these men were unjustly accused and imprisoned, if the Federal Government had seized them by act of tyranny, under contrivance of a slave bill, and with pretence of rightful law, such law being unconstitutional and void, they being free citizens of the State of Ohio, and subject in this matter only to her jurisdiction, and amenable to her laws and courts, then it was the duty of the State of Ohio to have protected them. It is the least and lowest thing that any sovereign State can do for its citizens, to protect them from being seized by a foreign power on their own soil, hurried away from their families, thrust into jail, and held for trial before a tribunal that has no rightful authority over them, on an accusation for a crime the very allegation of which, and the forcible proceeding in consequence, were unconstitutional. If a sovereign State cannot protect its citizens from such tyranny, such violence, what is its sovereignty worth, what is it good for? If a sovereign State will let its own free citizens be snatched up in this ignominious and oppressive way, and will tamely consent that its own judges shall refuse even the writ of *habeas corpus* for releasing the citizens, thus wrongfully captured, out of the grasp of such tyranny, and placing them, for trial at least, under protection of the State courts, we see not what prerogative of sovereignty it has left which is not a mere sham, a laughing-stock.

John Randolph's toast concerning State Rights may be drunk by the slaveholders over the dead body of such a sovereignty, with a *hip* and a *hurrah! De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Indeed, *nothing* need be said, good or bad, concerning such dead stuff. The Slave Power can afford to give such a State, that will thus sacrifice the personal liberty of its citizens at the bidding of an infamous unconstitutional Federal slave bill, the largest liberty of the yard, the fattest pasture, and the longest tether. A State that will bury its State rights beneath the lid of such a sepulchre, and then receive as a boon the release of its innocent citizens from the Federal prison, by itself releasing a gang of robbers and kidnappers, whom it was under sacred obligation to have punished—a State that will buy as a good bargain, or accept as a boon from tyranny, what belonged to it by freedom and justice, what it ought to have demanded and extorted as its simplest right, its indisputable authority and possession—a State that, for the sake of such a bargain, such a gracious condescension of the Slave Power, will agree to stand by, and see the violation of its own State laws with impunity—a State that will consent to dismiss a gang of kidnappers from its prisons unharmed, on condition that its own free citizens, unrighteously imprisoned, may be unbound and let off without trial—such a State may be indulged by the Federal government, and the Slave Power enthroned over it, in any the most extravagant, jubilant anthems concerning the opening of the prison doors, and letting the oppressed go free; in any freaks and sallies of speculative demonstrations, in conventions, in resolutions, in speeches all blazing with the pyrotechnics and thundering with the detonating powder of the highest republican and democratic liberty. The grander such harmless, ineffective enthusiasm, the safer for the slave tyranny; the more sublime the flight of the spread eagles of State eloquence, the more abject and spiritless will such a people be, whose ardor in the cause of freedom is afraid to assert the right, and bribes the wrong; whose zeal shuns the form and cost of brave decisive deeds, and expends itself in speculative toasts and hallelujahs.

There being no intention nor any danger of going beyond the form of mere speculation concerning liberty, it costs nothing, as Burke said of the flights of hypocrisy, to have it magnificent. And our slave-drivers need not be afraid, though Bunker Hill Monument itself should, one of these Fourth of Julys, be rammed full with powder, and the charge wadded with all the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence, and the column started and fired down South, with the huge hissing red-hot ball flaming from its granite throat, that all men are born free and equal, black or white, and that property in man is a lie, a curse, and an impossibility.

On the other hand, if the four men (we believe there were four) imprisoned in the State of Ohio for the crime of kidnapping, were really guilty of that crime, they should have been tried, sentenced and punished for it. Where was the authority, either in law or justice, to let them off? If they had *not* been guilty of that crime, then their accusers, or those who threw them into prison, ought to have been tried for slander and false imprisonment. If they *had* been guilty of that crime, being one of the most atrocious offences that can be committed against society, a capital crime, denounced by God himself as worthy of death, and by our own laws, when committed in Africa, as piracy, and in even this country, as robbery and malignant violence; if they had been so guilty, then the State of Ohio was guilty in letting them go free.

It would seem that while *slaves* cannot go free, *criminals* can. But by whose authority could the *noll. pros.* in behalf of these wretches be issued or entered, and the indictment against them dismissed? Suppose that three or four rascals were taken at midnight in our streets, in the act of highway robbery, and thrown into prison for trial; where is the power, legal, judicial or executive, State or Federal, by which it could rightly be said, They shall not be brought to trial; let the prosecution be withdrawn, and let them go forth again into society, unscathed by the law or its penalty? Where is the man, or the body of men, the judge, or the personal or political friend, the president or the government, that would dare propose the emptying of one of the corridors of Sing Sing and the deliverance of the prisoners there, as a condition, a boon, a bargain, a cartel of exchange, on the ground of which those four highway robbers should be released and sent home to their dens, to plot new crimes with impunity, the public, meanwhile, mystified and astounded with such processes of justice?

Again we ask, Why were not these kidnappers brought to justice? Is that the kind of State sovereignty which Ohio is going to teach and exercise, the right of entering a *noll. pros.* in behalf of vile criminals, on condition that her own free citizens may not be oppressed by the Federal Government, or brought to trial for their humanity by the Slave Power? Is the right of delivering *men-stealers* out of prison without trial, without punishment, a State right which Ohio can exercise, while her judges dare not rescue her own injured citizens from despotism? Are the people of Ohio willing that the deliverance of their citizens from unjust imprisonment shall be bargained for and bought by the shelter and release of rogues and villains that deserve to be hanged?

There is a greater outrage still in this shameful proceeding. We see it noted that Judge Wilson of the United States Court, in pronouncing sentence against young Bushnell for obeying God rather than man, in disobeying an unjust law, declared "that if the standard of right is placed above and against the laws of the land, those who act up to that standard are anything else than good citizens or good Christians."

What insolent defiance of God and his word, God and his righteousness, God and the authority of his righteousness, by such a judge! The standard of right is God's law, God's Word; and here we have a judge of the United States Court declaring the laws of the land superior to it, and to be obeyed rather than the right, and that he who acts rightly, when the right is against the human law, is anything rather than a good citizen or a good Christian! What a teacher of injustice and immorality by law, in our highest public tribunals! What denial of the common law, common sense, common liberty, and common piety, of all Christian communities! The teaching by a judge upon the bench that unrighteous law can make wrong right, and bind the conscience to subjection, is the destruction of public, private and personal morality; it corrupts the very fountain of our principles, and constitutes itself a fountain of debauchery and wickedness. It subverts the foundations of our freedom, destroys the very possibility of resistance against tyranny, perverts and palsies the conscience and the heart, which alone can justify, under instruction of God's Word, and impel and sustain such resistance, in reliance upon God. It is treason against the country and against God. It is extra-judicial insolence and impiety; but it is perfectly consonant with the equally impious and intrusive *dictum* now being thrust upon the country as the highest law, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect!—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE REVIVED.

From The New York Herald.

RENEWED ACTIVITY OF THE SLAVE TRADE

WITHIN the last half year the greatest activity has prevailed in the African slave trade, which is now carried on with more than usual energy and determination, despite the efforts of the United States officials whose particular duty it is to enforce the law for the suppression of the illegal traffic. It is now a notorious fact that slaves are not only landed in Cuba and Brazil, but that they have absolutely been imported into Florida and other Southern States. The difficulty which is experienced in procuring a conviction in these cases emboldens those engaged in the trade, so that it may now be said to be carried on with the most perfect impunity. No enterprise affords such profitable returns for the investment of capital, a fact with which many of our South street merchants are practically familiar. The profits on an average cargo of four hundred negroes is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and, as the cost and fitting out of a vessel does not exceed twenty thousand dollars at the utmost, including the commission, the wages of the men and other etceteras, one successful voyage would pay for the loss of half a dozen slavers.

It is estimated that from thirty to forty slavers are fitted out every year in New York, Boston, Bristol, R. I., Portland, Me., and other Eastern ports; but New York and Boston are the favorite ports, from the fact that the operations of the traders in preparing and fitting out vessels can be carried on with less risk of detection. Of those fitted out a comparatively limited number are captured on the coast of Africa, and those that are so captured are taken by English cruisers, while a few fall into the hands of United States vessels. About forty cases have been adjudicated upon by the United States District Court in this city since the year 1836, but in not more than a dozen was judgment given for the sale of the vessels, while the parties and principals in the illegal business have almost invariably escaped. In fact, the impossibility of procuring conviction, even in instances where the testimony was unusually direct, has emboldened, and, to a certain extent, encouraged the trade.

It is particularly deserving of notice that a large portion of the slave fleet is, as we have said, fitted out in New England ports, and in those very places where the Republican element is most rampant and belligerent. Not only is this the case, but while the Republicans derive large pecuniary profits therefrom, the very means from which they are realizing large fortunes is made the source of political capital upon which the party expect to get into power. In this way a double purpose is served, and the slave trade in which they are so profitably engaged is turned to account in being employed for party ends against the Administration, which is accused of being rather favorable than otherwise to the traffic. The war of parties is kept up, sectional jealousies embittered, and designing and corrupt politicians are enabled to agitate the country from one end to the other.

The increased activity to which we have referred may be regarded, outside of the question of pecuniary profit which is involved in it, as a trick for the revival of the Kansas excitement on a new issue. There appears to be some secret society at the bottom of the movement, which, while it furnishes the capital, or a part of it, for the fitting out of slavers, has in view the success of a party which, without such subjects of agitation wherewith to excite and keep the public mind in a state of political ferment, would ere this be defunct. They are apt pupils of Mephistophiles, and, like all his pupils, they will, if they don't mend their ways in time, fall into his hands at last.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3, 1859.

The consequences of the reopening of the African slave traffic are already beginning to be sensibly felt in the Southern States. Difficult as it is to get at the truth in a matter where all concerned are directly interested in maintaining inviolable secrecy, I do not hesitate to reiterate my conviction that every syllable I wrote to you a few weeks ago, in relation to the landing of large cargoes of imported "savages" on the coast of Florida, was strictly correct.

In conversation, within the last thirty-six hours, with the very United States Senator who gave me a large portion of the facts which I enumerated under the date of July 10, I remarked that they had been universally discredited, and seemed to be borne out by but scanty evidence in the Southern papers. He replied, "Nevertheless, every word I told you was substantially true, and all doubt about it will have passed away from every mind before the 15th of December next." He added that the silence of the Southern press was a signal proof that the accusations he had made were well founded; that they did not dare to stultify themselves by denying what every intelligent Southerner knew to be the truth; that if *The Herald's* remarks had no foundation, there would have been an outcry made by every journal from Maryland to Galveston. He continued to say that the silence of the conservative papers south of the Potomac would probably not be of long duration, as a feeling of indignation was spreading among the planters and large slaveholders at the disturbance of the old order of things, which must soon lead to an outbreak.

An account which appeared on the 21st ult. in the St. Augustine (Fla.) *Examiner* admirably illustrates the manner in which slavers are treated, even when notice of them is given to the proper federal authorities. It seems that the Deputy United States Marshal, upon being informed that such a vessel was off the coast, made inquiries which resulted in his "hearing of no slaver, and only a rumor that negroes had been landed to the southward." Proceeding in that direction, he found that, "about six weeks previous, four sailors had reported that they were part of the crew of the schooner Experiment, had landed a cargo of Africans near Jupiter, and breached the vessel." The Deputy Marshal did not, of course, find at that late hour in the day any sign of niggers or ship; and the editor of *The Examiner* closes his account by saying: "At any rate the birds had flown before he got there. We understand more are expected shortly." So light a watch is in fact kept along the coast between Key West and Pensacola that "rumor" of the landing of slave cargoes may be considered to travel pretty swiftly if they reach the ears of government officials even six weeks after "the birds have flown"; and no rule of caution is thought to be violated by the newspapers in boasting that "more are expected shortly"; neither is the traffic commented on with the slightest sign of surprise or disapprobation.

I have no doubt that time will develop some startling facts in the history of slavery since May, 1858. There are said to exist depôts of "savages" in over twenty large cities or towns at the South, in some of which the initiated may find them, at times, to the number of several hundred. Among the places where these depôts are to be found, Charleston, Memphis and Columbus have been named to me by a person whom I think trustworthy and reliable, who informed me that he had visited them, and that he had seen altogether, in these three places, about nine hundred imported blacks. He said that it was notorious, throughout Georgia and Alabama, six weeks ago, that quite a fleet of slavers was expected to land cargoes within a month or two in one of the Florida inlets not far from Key West. You will recollect I told you before that a gentleman of the most undoubted veracity had informed me that the boast had been made to him, semi-confidentially, by an interested individual, whose name is known throughout the Union, that twelve vessels would discharge their living freight upon our shores within ninety days from the 1st of June last. And he said that his estimate of the number of cargoes of "savages" that had been successfully transported into the interior, within eighteen months, was between sixty and seventy. Supposing each vessel to contain, deducting loss by death, two hundred and fifty blacks, the late increase of the slave population at the South by importations from the coast of Africa must have been over fifteen thousand. Startling as these facts must appear, and incredulous as many readers may be concerning them, I have not ventured to communicate them to you without being fully persuaded in my own mind that they cannot be successfully gainsayed.

It seems also to be well understood that the large proportion of vessels engaged in the slave traffic are not only built at the North, but are fitted out there, with a full knowledge of the use to which they are destined, and with an eye to a share in the profits of their nefarious expeditions. Upon this subject it will be exceedingly difficult to get proof, and yet I am morally sure, from hints I have heard cast out here, that there are actually two vessels being prepared at this moment for a slave trip from the port of New York, and that a considerable number of such vessels are being made ready for sea in the New England States. Thurlow Weed may deny this, and the very nature of the case prevents my being able to give proofs; but what I state will be clear to the mind of every Southerner.

JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, formerly of Kentucky, in a recent letter to *The Tribune*, says:

"A tour and sojourn of some weeks in the South has satisfied me that the "careful correspondent" of *The Herald*, whose opinions you seem to distrust, is correct in his conclusions, and deserves the thanks of every friend of freedom and humanity for the courage and fidelity of his disclosures. I have had ample evidences of the fact that those are greatly behind the times who speculate on the probabilities of reopening the African slave trade; it is already a thing accomplished, and the traffic is brisk, and rapidly increasing. In fact, the most vital question of the day is not the opening of this trade, but its suppression. Shall it be longer tolerated in defiance of all laws of God, and of all laws of Christian and even Mohammedan nations? The arrival of cargoes of negroes, fresh from Africa, in our Southern ports, is an event of frequent occurrence. Many of the public journals of that region are supposed to be in the interest of the traders, and the publishers of others are prevented from announcing such arrivals by well-grounded fears that such action would expose themselves to the vengeance of the brutal and barbarous men engaged in this business. In all the cotton States the cry is for cheap negroes. They denounce our laws against the slave trade as a protective tariff of twelve or fifteen hundred per cent. on the price of labor for the benefit of the slave-breeding States; increasing the price of negroes for consumption in the cotton-fields from one hundred dollars each (the full cost of importation were it not for prohibitory laws) to twelve or fifteen hundred dollars."

THE REPORTED SLAVERS AT PORTLAND AND SALEM.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

SALEM, Mass., August 9, 1859.

Great excitement prevails in this town on account of the despatch printed in *The Times* of Monday, in relation to two slavers reported to be fitting out at this port. The Collector, Mr. Pike, denies any knowledge of such vessels. The largest African firms in the town, those of Brookhause, Hunt & Co., and Charles Hoffman, of course profess amazement at the story, and the local editors are equally overcome. Nevertheless, as I know the unquestionably authoritative character of the source from which your information originally proceeded, I am bound to say, without impugning in the least the statements of any of these gentlemen, that I am far from satisfied with what I have thus far learned in contradiction of the report. There are ugly rumors afloat in the city. The business is so very dangerous a one, and has been organized so long in the lesser New England seaports, whether by merchants resident or by a skilful use of the facilities of those ports for the purposes of New York houses, that it is very difficult to track the guilty parties to their guilt. The government treats the whole matter with supreme indifference. At Portland the vessel which has given rise to a similar charge in the columns of one of your contemporaries is the clipper Newsboy, originally built for the Mediterranean trade in fruit with Boston. She is now lying in Portland harbor; "up for Fayal," say the consignees, McGilvery, Ryan & Davies. Her cargo, reported by consignees, is 70,000 feet of lumber, sixty barrels of bread, twenty barrels of tar and twenty tierces of rice. That the shipment of specie to certain vessels at Salem, on a certain day of the past week, is a fact beyond doubt, you know as well as the hands through which it passed; and you may rest assured I shall do what I can to track this specie to its destination.

LETTER FROM THE CONSIGNEES OF THE ALLEGED SLAVER.

From The Portland Advertiser, August 9.

The subjoined communication, to which we cheerfully give place, proceeds upon the assumption that we had made specific charges against a vessel called the "Newsboy." We did no such thing. We merely stated rumors which had been in circulation for ten days in regard to the presence of a "slaver" in our harbor, and we did not ourselves even know the name of the vessel referred to. Certainly no one ever thought of charging the authors of the communication given below with any complicity in the barbarous traffic. We may have occasion to refer to the subject again.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE ADVERTISER: In reply to the inquiry in this day's *Advertiser*, "Have we a Slaver in our Harbor," we, as consignees of the vessel in question, beg leave to say for the information of the public that her name is the "Newsboy"; that she was built at Rockland, some four years since, by Capt. Elisha Browne, now residing at Cape Elizabeth, for a Boston house, and intended for the Mediterranean fruit trade; that she is now employed as a packet between the Western Islands and Rio Janeiro; that she is now from Rio and comes here for a cargo of lumber and provisions for Fayal, one of the Western Islands.

We have engaged for her some 70 M. of 1 1-4 and 1 1-2 inch lumber, with 60 barrels of flour, 60 barrels of bread, 20 do. tar, and 20 tierces of rice. The ballast is being all taken out; her water-casks are being shooked; and when the lumber is ready, she will commence loading. We have seen nothing inconsistent with honest purposes.

It has been asked, "Why has she been laying so long at anchor? Why not hauled to some wharf?" To this we reply, that such lumber as was required was not to be found, and must be sawn to order. This has required time, and the vessel was better off at anchor, with her crew employed in painting, than at the wharf. She hauled to Smith's wharf last Thursday, and may be seen by any and all persons.

Captain Elisha Browne was formerly master of the brig Harbinger, in which vessel he made seventy-two voyages to Fayal, and is well acquainted with all the parties interested in this vessel.

We would add, in conclusion, that, in our opinion, the chief cause of all this excitement among "the knowing ones" is that the Newsboy happens to be a clipper. She is three hundred tons register, and yet so sharp that the cargo mentioned above will probably load her. And, furthermore, allow us to state that the members of our firm are all sailors, the eldest having seen some twenty-eight years of sea service, twenty of them as master, without a loss; and if the evidence in this case brings conviction to the mind "of every common-sense sailor" that the Newsboy is fitting for a slaver, then we can only say that we have managed to get along thus far through life without that very useful commodity.

Respectfully, M'GILVERY, RYAN & DAVIS.

A CARGO OF AFRICANS.—A gentleman of this city received a letter from Jacksonville on Monday last, postmarked 16th inst., on the back of which was indorsed, "a cargo of six hundred Africans has been landed on the Florida coast, near Smyrna."

"If this intelligence be true, it is to be hoped that the parties guilty of such a high handed violation of the law of the land may be arrested and dealt with to the fullest extent."—*Tallahassee Floridian.*

The above intelligence, we are assured by Col. E. E. Blackburn, U. S. Marshal, is true, as he has received letters conveying the said intelligence and stating these facts. But how can it be expected that the party violating the law will be arrested, when the U. S. Marshal is denied the power and means of doing so? If this official was vested with sufficient power, and provided with able means (as he applied for to the proper authorities), he would, perhaps, have been able to prevent such violation of the law; but as it is, with his limited power and want of means, it is almost impossible. We further understand that the vessel which brought these Africans to our coast, as soon as the landing was effected, was set on fire and abandoned to the elements.—*Pensacola Observer.*

MISSOURI METHODISTS.

THE following is an extract from a reliable correspondent residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri. His name we withhold, simply as a matter of prudence—that and every slaveholding community being so entirely diabolical as to make it unsafe to state facts:

"MISSOURI, June 28, 1859.

"Members of the M. E. Church here are engaged in the slave traffic. Many of them pay as high as one hundred and fifty dollars for the support of the minister. Not one word is ever said, either in or out of the pulpit, against slavery, nor dare they. I had scarcely been in the place twenty-four hours before I was questioned in regard to my views on the 'vexed question of slavery.' I frankly told them I could view it in no other light than as a moral, social and political evil; that I considered slaveholding a sin, and that I could not see how men professing religion, and making such high pretensions of sanctification, as many of the Southern Methodists do, could conscientiously engage in the traffic of slaves. I was at once branded as a d—d Abolitionist—that I must keep my mouth shut in the future on that subject, or I would fare badly. E. C."

Such is the kind of piety we are cultivating and fostering in the slave States and along the Border. The Central *Christian Advocate* not only dare not deny, but actually concedes that our ministers and missionaries in that region admit slaveholders into the Church. He, perhaps, thinks it a sufficient excuse that they do not intend to admit any but non-trafficing slaveholders. But this does not help the case in the least, for slaveholding is quite as sinful as slave-trading. The idea that it is wicked to buy and sell slaves, but not wicked to hold them, is most ridiculous. It savors of judicial blindness. It is in fact exactly the reverse of the truth, for we are prepared to prove that there is no sin in either buying or selling slaves, and that all the sin consists in holding them. From the very nature of the case, all mere property is vendible, and it is impossible that it should be wrong to vend that which it is not wrong to have. But, says one, I have a wife and children, and yet it would be wrong; but were your wife and children "mere property," chattels personal, the case would be altered and your right to traffic in them the same as to traffic in any other property. When the slave is sold, the sin is not in the selling, but in transmitting the power to hold. So when a slave is bought, it is not the buying that is sinful, but acquiring and exercising the power to hold. This is evident; because when slaves are bought or sold on purpose to free them, no one thinks of attaching any blame to the act. Buying and selling, apart from holding, is always considered meritorious. Our rule against the traffic in slaves is well known to be a dead letter. We hope it will be swept away, and a stern prohibition against all slaveholding put in its place. As the rule stands, it does no good—it is of no use to forbid the traffic in stolen goods, so long as we do not forbid, but actually encourage, stealing itself.—*Northern Independent.*

A FITTING REBUKE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF MASSACHUSETTS AND PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

To LEMUEL SHAW, *Chief Justice of Massachusetts and* JAMES WALKER, *President of Harvard University.*

GENTLEMEN: Now that the Press has ceased its ridicule of your homage to Morphy at the Revere House—a criticism of little importance—I wish to present the scene to you in a different light.

You, Mr. Chief Justice, represent *the law* of the Commonwealth; to you, Mr. President, is commited the moral guardianship of the young men of her University. Yet I find you both at a table of revelers, under a roof whose chief support and profit come from the illegal sale of intoxicating drink, and which boasts itself the champion and bead of an organized, flagrant and avowed contempt of the laws of the Commonwealth. No one was surprised to see at your side a Mayor who owes his office to the votes of that disorderly band whose chief is the Revere House. Few wondered at the presence of a Professor placed by private munificence to watch over the piety and morals of your College, Mr. President; though a manly protest against fashionable vice might do something to redeem the office from seeming only an eavesdropping spy on the opinions and manners of young men.

But you, Mr. Chief Justice, know that three-quarters, if not four-fifths, of all crime result from habits of intoxication; that nine-tenths, at least, of all the murderers you have sent to the gallows, had never been murderers had they not first been drunkards. You can look round you and back for fifty years, and see places at the bar and on the bench, once filled by genius and hope, now vacant—their tenants in drunkards' graves. You know how fearful the peril which modern civilization and specially popular institutions encounter from the cheapness of liquor and the habits of indulgence in all our great cities; you know the long and earnest labors of noble men, for fifty years, in both hemispheres, against this evil, and the momentous experiment they are trying of legal prohibition to arrest it; resulting here in a stringent law against the sale of intoxicating drinks. You know also that the Revere House is the insolent leader of that heartless and selfish faction which, defeated before the people, seeks by unblushing defiance of law to overbear opinion and statute.

And you, Mr. President, the moral guardian of the young men of our University, well know its venerable statutes and unceasing efforts to prevent the use of wine within its walls. You know how many, often the brightest, names on your catalogue, too early marked with the asterisk of death, owe their untimely end to wine. Both of you know that the presence of men holding such offices as yours goes as far as recreant office and reputation can to make a bad roof respectable.

Yet I find you both at a midnight revel, doing your utmost to give character to a haunt which boasts its open and constant defiance of the moral sense of the State, solemnly expressed in its statutes.

No one denies, gentlemen, your right to indulge what social habits you please in the privacy of your own dwellings; or, in travelling, to use the customary accommodations of an inn, even though intoxicating drink is sold on its premises. Few will care to criticize if, choosing some decent roof, you join your fellows and mock the moral sentiment of the community by a public carousal. But, while you hold these high offices, we, the citizens of a Commonwealth whose character you represent, emphatically deny your right to appear at illegal revels in a gilded grogshop, which, but for the sanction of such as you, had long ago met the indictment it deserves. How can we expect the police to execute a law upon which the Chief Justice pours contempt by his example? How shall the Grand Jury indict the nuisance of which the Supreme Bench has for an hour made a part? We, the citizens, have a right to claim that should public opinion, by our labors, reach the point of presenting these gorgeous grogshops at the criminal bar, we shall not find their frequenters on the Bench.

Again and again, Mr. Chief Justice, have I heard you, at critical moments, in a voice whose earnest emotion half checked its utterance, remind your audience of the sacred duty resting on each man to respect and obey the law; assuring us that the welfare of society was bound up in this individual submission to existing law. How shall the prisoner at the bar reconcile the grave sincerity of the *magistrate* with this heedless disregard by the *man* of most important laws? If again the times should call you to bid us smother justice and humanity at the command of statutes, we may remind you with what heartless indifference you treated the law you are sworn and paid to uphold, and one on which the hearts of the best men in the State were most strongly set. Was it not enough that you let History paint you bowing beneath a slave-hunter's chain to enter your own court-room; but must you also present yourself in public lifting to your lips the wine-cup which, by the laws of the State over whose Courts you preside, it is an indictable offence and a nuisance to sell you?

And let me remind you, Mr. President, that even your young men sometimes pause amid scenes of temptation or in our streets where every tenth door opens to vice—pause at some chance thought of home or rising regard for the sentiment of the community. And, sir, should such frail purpose of even one youth falter before the sight of his President in a circle of wine bibbers, and that first step lead to an unhonored grave, you will be bound to remember that in the check and example you promised, and were expected and set to hold upon him, you wholly failed; that in the most impressible moments of his life he saw the virtue of the State struggling with its sensual indulgence, its lust of dishonorable gain, its base pandering to appetite, already too strong; and in that struggle he saw your weight ostentatiously thrown into the scale of open and contemptuous disregard of the moral sense of the State. I remember well when, from a pulpit constantly boasting that its new creed had thrown away a formal and hollow faith, and brought in the wholesome doctrine of works, you painted, so vividly, how hard it is for young men to say "No." Is this, sir, the method you choose to illustrate the practical value of the new faith, and this the help you extend to the faltering virtue of your pupils? giving the sanction of your character and office to the prince of rum-sellers and law-breakers, and flinging insult on one of the noblest reforms of the age?

I admit, gentlemen, the right of minorities to disregard immoral or unconstitutional statutes. But no one ever thought the Prohibit

separate place?" "Separate place!" he said; "to no place."

The shame and disappointment filled our hearts, and I, in despair, went near the counter and drank three tumblers of water as substitutes for the three different heads in the dinner, viz.: the vegetables, pastry and dessert. Upon this we both came out in the piazza, and my friend once more asked them the ground of such an unchristian act. A pale-looking, weak, tall man, with an apron round his waist, heard all that we said, and seeing the passengers had got into the stage, took my friend in the parlor, and said we might take our dinners then if we chose "All aboard!" the driver cried, and we bade farewell to the Glen House forever. We had time enough to buy our tickets at Gorham, as the train took us in right off However, my good friend managed to secure four pieces of sponge cake from the Alpine House, where I had a letter of introduction from Rev. T. S. King. Mr. Editor, you can judge how we two men made our dinner on four pieces of cake.

In the boat there was no tea-arrangement, so we had to go to our berths for supper. I would not write any more of this; simply, I should say that the man who refused admittance to me, for my oriental color, ought to know that while complexion is not the standard in the whole world, nor in Heaven, his Master and Lord was an Oriental—the Apostles were so too; and, finally, he ought to know this, that as far as the civilization and preëxistence of national glory is concerned, as there is distance between him and a negro, so there is the same distance between him and a Brahmin.

Dear sir, gentleman recognizes gentleman—"a jeweller knows a jewel." The good host of Congress Hall, Saratoga, where the fashions and gaieties of the summer are proverbial, drew an extra chair by my side, and entertained me with the sweet words of his lips, besides the dainties of the table before me. J. C. GANGOOLY.

LORD BROUGHAM ON WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies was celebrated on the 1st of August by a public meeting at the Music Hall, Bedford square, in London, over which Lord Brougham presided.

The attendance was large and respectable, and upon the platform, in addition to the venerable President, were many distinguished friends of negro freedom.

Lord Brougham, in opening the proceedings, after briefly acknowledging the enthusiastic reception which greeted him upon taking the chair, said: It naturally gives us all great satisfaction that we have lived to see accomplished this great measure of slavery abolition, than which there was none in the whole history of our career at all superior in importance or in virtue, or in what may be expected to be its beneficial consequences, and that we have now, by the goodness of Providence, been spared to witness the twenty-fifth anniversary of that great event, a quarter of a century to day having elapsed since the shackles of the slave were finally struck off. I ought not, perhaps, to say "finally struck off," for there was substituted for slavery an Indentured Apprenticeship of seven years, which, in many respects, was only a mitigated form of the evil which we had crushed, and which our utmost efforts were forthwith applied also to terminate. I derive unspeakable satisfaction in looking back to the year 1838, when I led in the contest for diminishing the period of apprenticeship by two years. It had then existed five years, but instead of continuing until 1840 it ceased in 1838; and I will do the colonial Legislatures the justice to say—having oftentimes been in opposition to them, and from various misapprehensions which are incidental to all controversies having been greatly misunderstood by them—that they themselves by their own acts under the suggestion of us from the Imperial Parliament, operating upon the Imperial Government, reduced the period of apprenticeship by two years. They, therefore, I rejoice to say, are fellow-laborers with us in that great good whereby the 1st of August, 1838, finally witnessed the complete and absolute emancipation of our slaves (cheers). If there is anything that gives me pain on the present occasion, it is, in the first place, that our example has not been followed by other countries; that Spain, particularly, which is the worst of all in many respects, notwithstanding the influence which we ought to possess—not by reminding her of benefits conferred; but by simply noting to her that we were fellow-laborers in her independence of France—that Spain, I say, notwithstanding our natural and just influence, has not followed that example; nay, has not completely abandoned the slave traffic, carried on in spite of treaties as well as of all honesty and honor. But by degrees truth will prevail over even Spanish counsels, and they will find that their own best interest—indeed, I would add, their safety in the West Indies—consists in extending to Cuba the measure of emancipation (hear, hear). I grieve to say that our brethren, our kinsfolk in America, furnish another exception to our example; but of that I would speak tenderly, from recollecting that America has acted admirably in many respects, and even abolished the slave trade a year before we ourselves did. Even in Georgia, which is as devoted to the "institution," as they are pleased to call it, as any of the Southern States, it was our fault, and not theirs, that they ever had slavery, for we pressed it upon them, and they refused it. They protested against it, but we defeated them; and it is our fault that that "institution" prevails in those States But, it is pleasing to reflect that our reasoning, and the reasoning of our public men, as well as of our diplomatic agents, may probably succeed there and in Spain also, so that we shall see the end of that abuse, and slavery will be no more—

"Spread, Oh! spread thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore,
Till conquests cease and slavery be no more."

(Cheers). I need not remind you that the friends of liberty are also the friends of peace, and that they who have the greatest abhorrence of slavery are they who most earnestly detest war (hear, hear). But the feeling of satisfaction with which we meet on the present occasion is damped by more than one recollection; and I chiefly mention the melancholy consideration that we here meet so few of the old patriarchs of the cause. They have gone long since—many of them very long since, some more recently—to their account, to an account certainly rendered more safe for them and more edifying to us by the purity of their lives and by the great value of their public works—and by no one part of their lives, and no one portion of their works more than by their having done their endeavors, and with success, to abolish the African slave trade and to free the African slaves (cheers). We have to lament the absence here of such men as Wilberforce, as Clarkson, as Stephen, as Macaulay, and last of all, though not least, of Joseph Sturge, whom we have lately lost—and an irreparable loss it is. Of Wilberforce, that great champion of our cause in Parliament and out of Parliament, I will only say, in the words of Dr. Johnson, applied to another person:

"In every speech persuasive wisdom flowed,
In every act refulgent virtue glowed;
Suspended faction ceased from rage and strife
To hear his eloquence and praise his life."

(Hear, hear). But there was the silent eloquence of a good life in Joseph Sturge, the silent eloquence by which he persuaded men to follow his example, and by which he also fortified and strengthened every good cause to which he devoted himself; and I know of none in which he was not a laborer. His sound judgment; his steady adhesion to his principles when they differed from other men's; his tolerance, of which I hardly ever saw the like; his perfect charity and perfect friendliness even to those from whom he differed most—these are qualities which certainly make his an irreparable loss. I need not dwell on the merits of Thomas Clarkson, the pioneer in the great cause of abolition; but I will add that there are other pioneers of emancipation, as he was the pioneer of abolition, whose names are not sufficiently before the world, because they were not Parliamentary advocates of the cause. I name, first and foremost among these, James Stephen. Having been in the West Indies for many years of his life, a lawyer by profession, a strong, steady, and inflexible advocate of the slave, he it was who dragged that system and its abuses to light by a constant, undeviating course of advocacy out of Parliament, and I look upon him to stand in the same relation toward emancipation as Thomas Clarkson did toward the abolition. I may mention, also, Zachary Macaulay, who, having been Governor of Sierra Leone, and having actually undertaken a slave voyage, in order to make himself better acquainted in practice with the horrors of the middle passage, devoted himself constantly afterward to the same abolition and emancipation—and no one after Mr. Stephen served that great cause more (hear, hear). It would be superfluous to mention others, such as Buxton, whose great and ultimately triumphant exertions you are acquainted with, and though he happily lived to see his work completed, he is one of those whose loss we have to deplore. There are many others whom now to enumerate is unnecessary; but on an occasion like the present we do an act of gratitude and expediency also, as well as discharge a debt of strict justice, when we recite the circumstances of those who have gone before us. Among others it is impossible to forget Henry Thornton, the constant coadjutor of Wilberforce in Parliament. And let it never be forgotten that after Fox had been through life a steady advocate of the abolition of the slave trade—he never lived to touch the question of emancipation—it was by his colleagues, Grey, Lansdowne, and the rest of his Government, that the first Emancipation Act was passed in 1817 (hear, hear). To be sure it was ineffectious, but that was no fault of theirs, for it accomplished all that had at that time been proposed. It dealt with the question by penalties, and everybody knows that the profits of that infernal traffic were so great that a man might safely risk the loss of five or six vessels by seizure, provided he escaped with the seventh vessel. Finding that it was absolutely necessary that we should, for the first time, call the thing by its right name, and that we should no longer slander trade by calling that a trade which was a crime, we treated it as it deserved—as an offence; and I had great satisfaction in prevailing on Parliament to pass a bill for making the slave trade a felony, which—so great was the revolution that had taken place in people's sentiments—went through both Houses of Parliament without encountering one dissentient voice. That ended our share in the slave trade. With the exception of some few capitalists employing their money in that traffic, it has now ceased to be a British offence, and is confined to those foreign nations to whom I have already referred (cheers). Now, that emancipation has put the negro on the same footing as the white in point of rights and privileges, it is fit that we should for a moment stop to consider what his behavior has been under the change; and nothing can be more satisfactory than all accounts of the conduct of the slaves. It was expected by some that on the 1st of August, 1834, there would be an outbreak, and that the sudden liberation of persons who had so long been confined and under the influence of oppression, would occasion conduct that was not consistent with the public peace. Never was any apprehension more completely falsified by the result (hear, hear). On that day there was all over the West Indies, I venture to say, among the 850,000 negroes whom we had liberated, the most perfect peace, uninterrupted by riot or debauchery. In that country where nature provokes the passions, and where the stimulus of intemperance is dealt out with a profuse hand, there was no instance to be found in all the Caribbean Sea of intoxication or of riot from intoxication. On the contrary, the churches and chapels were filled Successions of congregations, one after another, frequented them in order to testify their gratitude to God for the great boon which Providence had bestowed on them (cheers). These people, as pious as the nature of man will allow, spent that day in piety and devotion, and not the slightest breach of the peace or act of intemperance was perceived. Then it was said "They will not work." The result has proved the contrary. They are not at all indisposed to work. Give them wages and they will work. No doubt they will prefer cultivating their own yam-gardens if you do not give them adequate wages; but, when they have adequate wages, they will work as well as can be desired, not only at cotton and indigo, but at sugar also. It was said at the time that the supply of sugar would greatly fall off; but we have positive proof from the most undoubted authority that where they are well treated and proper wages are given, the supply of sugar in the district is not diminished by emancipation. Indeed, it was stated by the Marquis of Sligo some years ago in the House of Lords that there was one district in his Government, he having been Governor of Jamaica, in which a two-fold greater produce of sugar had been made by free negroes than by slaves in former times. That, I admit, appears to have been a peculiar case, and therefore I do not mention it as an average; but, as a general rule, I say that there has been no diminution in the growth of sugar, and no want whatever of men to work at proper wages (hear, hear). This subject has lately been made a matter of controversy, and an inquiry is now going on from which I hope truth will be obtained, and from which we shall see whether there are not exceptions—as I don't doubt there may be—to that rule. For instance, I am told that Barbadoes stands in a different position from Jamaica in that respect, and that Barbadoes is flourishing. Undoubtedly all the respectable testimony which we have from Barbadoes is to the effect that there is no want of sugar, and that its growth has increased instead of fallen off. The former slave stands now in a different position with respect to the community, in consequence of the change that has taken place, from that which he occupied before. He has the same interest now as his master. It becomes his interest that the master should profit, for his wages are to be paid out of the gains of his master. The profits of the planter are the fund out of which his wages must be paid; consequently they have a common interest, and he ought to rejoice in everything that tends reasonably and without abuse to the profit of the planter (hear, hear). That many planters have suffered, that many will continue to suffer, is undeniable; and those particularly will suffer whose estates are under mortgage. It may be said, indeed, that it all depends upon that, and that those whose estates are not under mortgage are flourishing; but as a very great many estates are unfortunately in that condition, I fear that a considerable proportion of proprietors have suffered. But there have been many sufferers also by their advocacy of emancipation, and when I mention the name of Mr. Stephen I am reminded of the last act of his public life, when, having been the steady supporter of the then Government, he, in the year 1815, gave up his place in Parliament and all hope of preferment and retired into private life, because he conscientiously differed from his political friends—the Government of the day—in a question regarding Africa and the slave trade. Such men also as George Thompson and others, both in this country and the United States, despising the danger to which in some cases they were exposed, and the loss which in all cases they underwent, labored in this great and good cause, and honor be to their names! (Cheers.) I could name other instances, and, if it were not selfish and a slight matter compared with the sacrifices which others have encountered, I might name my own case (loud cheers). I grudge not, but look back with satisfaction and delight, to the labor of nearly 60 years in the cause; but I was about to state a different kind of sacrifice which I made most cheerfully. I lost an estate in the West Indies which I should not much have valued, and I lost also an estate in the North of England which I should very much have valued, by a kind individual who had made me his heir to both estates altering his will, because I would not, in 1833, abandon the cause of emancipation (cheers). I have grown old in these labors, but this is an occasion on which I may say,

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fire."

It is difficult to avoid feeling a renewal of what one has not intermitted but only relaxed in pressing, and relaxed, of late years, because the occasion had ceased. [The noble and learned lord on resuming his seat was loudly cheered.]

Gov. Hinckes (of Barbadoes) proposed the first resolution, in which the meeting joyfully recorded its satisfaction at the retrospect of that "great act of national justice and sound policy," the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, and affirmed that the emancipated population had triumphantly vindicated their right to freedom. The honorable gentleman entered at considerable length into the question of the comparative cost of free and slave labor, and, speaking from his own experience, backed by competent authority, he unhesitatingly decided in favor of free labor as the cheapest of the two. He quoted statistics also to show the wonderful efforts which were being made by the laboring classes at Barbadoes for the spread of education.

Mr. George Thompson, in an eloquent speech, seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

The Hon. Amasa Walker, of Massachusetts, proposed the second resolution, which was also carried unanimously. It deplored that slavery was still maintained by various civilized nations, and that the slave trade with all its horrors was still prosecuted in contravention of treaties and in defiance of all the attempts to suppress it; but it rejoiced that in the United States and elsewhere there were various societies engaged in promoting the extinction of those iniquities, and it wished them "God speed."

Several other speeches were delivered which were loudly applauded by the audience, and the proceedings terminated with a well-merited compliment to Lord Brougham for his exertions in the cause of emancipation and his conduct in the chair.

FREE NEGROES AND BEQUESTS.—*The New Orleans Picayune*, 30th ult., says:

"We published, some time ago, a brief account of a decision in the High Court of Appeals of the State of Mississippi, on the subject of the right of free persons of color in other States to take, under the laws of Mississippi, a bequest of property in that State. The judgment of the Court was against the right. It struck us, unlearned readers, as a very remarkable decision, and we perceive it was so considered by one of the Judges of the Court itself. The Court is composed of three Judges, two of whom concurred in the opinion. The third, Judge Handy, gave a dissenting opinion, which has since been published at length in *The Jackson Mississippian*.

"Judge Handy examines the laws and judicial decisions of the State of Mississippi, and arrives at the conclusion that they are adverse to the judgment just rendered. He concedes that it is the policy of the State to prohibit emancipation in the State, and to obstruct emancipation out of it, by Mississippians, which may take effect in the State.

"He holds that free negroes, though they may not be citizens of other States, have, as subjects or resident inhabitants, rights such as the States choose to confer, and this internal policy of theirs is entitled to be respected by the State of Mississippi just as her internal policy is entitled to their respect, and that it is against the comity of States and the rules of law for Mississippi to refuse the aid of her Courts to carry out the internal policy of other States who in her own soil jurisdiction, and policy are not affected. Though Mississippi does not permit emancipated slaves of her own to be sojourners within the State, Judge Handy holds that she cannot rightfully refuse to permit that class, resident in other States, to receive the benefit of devises of property in Mississippi, which they could under the law of their domicil.

"The opinion is too long, elaborate and technical, for us to give an abstract of the legal argument, but the above is a summary of the conclusions, which, if they are not law, are very good reason."

HOW IT PROVED HIM.—On board the cars were several clergymen who were returning to the East, having attended a clerical convention held somewhere in Illinois. There were two newspapers lying on a seat close by, *The Liberator* and the Detroit *Free Press*, the former an out and out anti-slavery sheet—the latter intensely pro-slavery. One of the clergymen reached forward his hand, and picked up *The Liberator*, looked at the title, and in an instant dropt it as he would a piece of molten lead; he then took up the other, which he read with much apparent gusto. Whether it was that the approximation of two such antagonistic sheets, lying in quietude side by side, suggested that there might be some heretical Abolitionists who needed leavening with a pro-slavery gospel, or not, we could not divine, but when the paper had been carefully perused, the reverend gentleman commenced with the pious work of defending the peculiar institution from the Bible (talking to a brother clergyman); and according to his argument it appeared that the Old Testament and the New, Abraham, Jesus and Paul—the early Christians, and all right-minded decent Christians, were on the side of American slavery. The Reformers and Abolitionists were classed among the reprobates for whom no hope could be expected in the other world.

What a delectable sight was this to find a man professing to follow the Divine Teacher, yet scouting from his creed his Divine maxims of justice, peace and love, and defending in place thereof a system which makes it a felony to shelter the outcast, give bread to the hungry, and clothing to the naked! —*Correspondent of the Grand Haven (Mich.) Clarion.*

AN AMERICAN EMANCIPATING BRITISH SLAVES.—A year or two ago Rev. J. Fletcher wrote his Brazil and the Brazilians. The work was reprinted in England, and the following passage attracted much attention:

"The Brazilians are not the only proprietors of slaves in the empire. There are many Englishmen who have long held Africans in bondage—some for a series of years, and others have purchased slaves since 1843, when what is called the Lord Brougham Act was passed. By this act it is made unlawful for Englishmen to buy or sell slaves in any land, and by holding property in man, they are made liable to prosecution in criminal courts. The English Mining Company, whose stockholders are in Great Britain, but whose mines are at St. Joan del Rey in Brazil, own about eight hundred slaves, and hire one thousand more."

The subject was agitated by the British Abolitionists, and when the mining company at St. Joan del Rey advertised their slaves for sale, the British consul notified them that they would be liable to a penalty if the slaves were sold. The facts connected with the case have recently been disclosed in parliament, and some of the courts in England have declared not only that all the slaves purchased by British subjects since the general act of 1843 are legally free, but also all held previous to that act. The English slaves in Brazil are therefore freed, and without compensation to their masters. By calling attention to the facts Mr. Fletcher has become the emancipator of the slaves of British subjects in Brazil.—*Springfield Republican.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED.—To complete files, to be deposited in an important public institution, where they will be permanently open to the public, the first three Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society (1834, 1835, 1836) and the First Report of the New England Anti-Slavery Society (1833) are wanted. Friends of the cause, search your piles of old pamphlets, and if you can find either or all of these Reports, and do not care to retain them, please send them at once to the Editor of THE STANDARD, who will thank you in the name of the cause.

BLUNDER.—The heading, "SELECTIONS," was accidentally omitted by the printer from the top of the second column on the first page. The pro-slavery matter ends, as the reader will see, with the first column.

AGITATION.

LIKE other ill weeds, which grow apace when left undisturbed by the plough and the hoe, and thrive under all conditions not including active interference, slavery grows and spreads whenever its opponents are quiescent. The only way to make head against it, under any circumstances, is by constant interference, constant agitation. How much more, then, are we bound to make such exertions, when to the native persistency of this vice are added the strength of long established possession, the *prestige* of custom, and incessant vigilance on the part of slaveholders to extend and fortify their ill-gotten power. Luxuriously lazy when the earning of an honest livelihood is in question, they work with untiring vigor and energy to maintain the standing of a *caste* which needs not, does not and will not work. Yes, it is true! Man is an inconsistent being; and these haughty tyrants, the F. F. V.'s, the best blood of the Old Dominion, the aristocratic perpendicularities of the Palmetto State, will not only watch and pray, drink, swear and fight, in aid of their very "peculiar" institution, but, by the head of Confucius, they will even work! And can we successfully oppose them without working?

If any one of our readers is surprised at seeing prayer quoted as one of the sustaining forces of slavery, he knows not yet how thoroughly that wickedness merits its title of "the sum of *all* villanies."

That great revival of the popular religion which has so enlarged the membership of the Church, "the main bulwark of slavery," has had its operation at the South no less than at the North. That same piety which, all over the land, placarded the exclusion of "controverted topics" (meaning anti-slavery) from its revival prayer-meetings—and which, in the vestry of Park Street Church, Boston, flamed out against the chief clerical opposer of slavery in that city in petitions that God would destroy his life, or, if not his life, his reason, or, if not his reason, his health and bodily powers, and, at any rate, his influence with the people—that same piety, under the warmth of a Southern sun, produced the letter of Rev. J. C. Wilson, written from Gonzales, Texas, to the Editor of the *Texas Christian Advocate*, extolling "slavery as a Religious Institution," which last week enriched our "Pro-Slavery" department.

We fear that this department of THE STANDARD is overlooked and habitually neglected by too many of our readers. Those who thus neglect it must fail to see, not only, generally, the extent of impudence and wickedness involved in the advocacy of slavery, but the directness, the thoroughness and the extent to which the *piety* of the country supports it, and the frightful fluency with which the devotional dialect, the language of prayer and thanksgiving, the terms which assume intimate communion and alliance with God on the part of the speakers, are used in its behalf. None of the specimens of this depravity—not even the pro-slavery documents of the American Tract Society or of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—claim the sanction of God, of Christ and of Christianity for slavery more offensively than this Methodist minister, Rev. J. C. Wilson, of Texas.

He complains that his slaveholding "brethren" and himself are censured *solely* on account of their connection with domestic slavery—as if that were a virtuous, or an irreproachable position.

He boasts of the mildness, the "astonishing moderation" of his fellow church-members, who *only* violently broke up a religious meeting, and prevented its repetition, by threats of the administration of lynch law.

In reply to the modest inquiry of *Zion's Herald* (Boston) whether men in Texas who disapprove of slavery may not hold meetings or form associations there from which slaveholders shall be excluded, he shouts with Methodist fervor—"No, forever no! Texas is a slaveholding State! Every inch of her wide domain is slave soil, and by the blessing of God shall be."

After proclaiming that the slaves held in bondage by the people of Texas have been given them "in the providence of God," he shouts again—"Bless God for such a system! Amen and Amen!" And he continues—"No! The people of Texas are pro-slavery, through and through! We don't apologise for negro slavery, we glory in it! And no society can or shall exist within our wide-extended border which disqualifies or stigmatizes the slaveholder! Never, never!"

In reply to the modest inquiry of the *Pittsburg Advocate*, which (after remarking that American missionaries are safe, under the United States flag, in foreign lands) asks—"Won't the stars and stripes protect us in Texas?"—the Rev. James C. Wilson renews the threat of lynch violence, at the same time ingeniously shifting the charge of persecution, as follows: "Mark this! The people of Northern Texas will not be further persecuted. The sacred name of religion alone has thus far shielded you. Renewed aggression they will visit with summary punishment, and all the people will say, Amen!" Then, proceeding to declare that Texas is a unit on this subject, and that, in case of need, 70,000 men there "would spring to arms" in defence of slavery, and that they would not lack a Methodist preacher to pray for and preach to them, and, in the absence of a better, to lead them—he closes with this ebullition of pious confidence—"The best of all is, God is with us!"

Thus we find that preaching and prayer ally themselves to the bowie-knife and the revolver in support of that system of enormous and atrocious wickedness which we sum up in the word *slavery*. The American Church, boasting itself independent of the State, chooses to give its influence to the support of the greatest injustice which even the State has perpetrated, and to maintain the *dictum* of its Supreme Court, that the negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. The "great revival," which throughout the North has sheltered slavery from condemnation in its prayer-meetings, at the South takes the further step of preaching illegal violence against Abolitionists, even when these are acting against slavery only as church-members, and only by the attempt to keep their own Church pure from its pollutions; and the uniform operation of this revival, North as well as South, has been to confirm a pro-slavery spirit previously existing, or to draw those of its subjects who were previously indifferent to slavery into relations favorable to its continuance and adverse to its suppression. The chief priests join with the rulers, as of old, in opposing that truth which demands freedom, freedom of body and of soul, as the heritage which God has appointed for every human being. And the question for Abolitionists now is—shall we suffer these labors to bring forth their pernicious fruit unopposed, or shall we WORK in the cause of truth and liberty, with an energy proportionate to that of the upholders of slavery?

We have said that the Church has voluntarily chosen to coöperate with the State in upholding slavery, and to use her technical language of piety, the pretence of special alliance with God, conformity to his will, and zeal in his service, in aid of that wickedness. So successful has been this cheat, so triumphant the policy of causing vice to pass current by baptizing it with the name of virtue, that "the world" has adopted it from the Church, and the most unscrupulous politicians gild their profligacy with this cant of piety; so that we now bear in the addresses of stump speakers, the correspondence of candidates for office, the orations of Fourth of July orators, and even in the debates of Congress (where religious considerations are rarely appealed to for a *good* purpose) these sickening appeals to a pro-slavery "Providence."

The use of such language for such a purpose is a constant source of corruption to the community. Every instance in which it is used without prompt and energetic contradiction is an application of opium, of chloroform, to the public conscience, stupefying and bewildering the common sense, confounding the most pernicious things with the most venerable and sacred, and paralyzing the very power of distinguishing good from evil. The public eye, ear and mind have already become so habituated to this perversion of truth in the mouths of men entitled Reverend and Honorable, that the fall of one pillar after another of the temple of liberty moves them with only the feeblest and briefest effort of attention. To counteract this mischief, nay, even to avoid further and more fatal loss, requires on our own part a vigilance as unremitting, a labor as strenuous, against slavery, as priests and politicians give to its support. And, since these classes persuade great numbers of their adherents to refuse even a bearing to the truth taught by our agents and instrumentalities, prudence dictates that we should again, and more persistently, force this subject, in its various forms, into this great reading-room of the nation, the debates and transactions of Congress.

Whatever is uttered in Congress upon slavery, its present or its future, its enormities or its remedy, will be read, pondered and commented on throughout the length and breadth of the country. This fact by itself makes it highly desirable that Congress should be compelled to consider, discuss and decide upon such departments of that subject as can legitimately be brought before it.

The South is said to be divided in opinion in regard to the influence of an extension and a legalization of the foreign slave trade upon its own pecuniary prosperity. If it be so, the discussion of that particular subject in Congress will help us by making that division manifest, and openly breaking the unity of action which the South has hitherto preserved upon the defence of slavery.

Very little effort has thus far been made against the domestic slave trade, that foul and horrible traffic for the supply of which women are ranked and treated as broodmares, marriage, among the oppressed class, is utterly abolished, the rights of parents to their children and of children to their parents are scornfully trodden under foot, and the country is demoralized and disgraced by the spectacle of chained gangs of human beings, each violently torn from numerous ties of love and kindred, driven by the whip, with a contemptuous brutality worse than that exercised towards cattle or swine, and made the prominent and favorite branch of traffic between one State of the American Union and another. If a Southern opposition to the foreign slave trade comes only from the slave-*breeding* interest, let us have this fact made plain by the culprits themselves, and compel them to avow this depth of infamy, and pillory themselves, in Congress, before the country and the world.

The Republican party, according to the custom of political parties, proves itself willing to fritter away, by compromise, the very moderate proportion of truth and justice upon which it was originally established. Beginning with the plausible cry of "Free Soil, Free Speech and Free Men"—yet even then seeking, under that specious title, only such limited freedom *for colored people* as they enjoy in this State and in New England—it has deliberately chosen to deny to this class the rights of citizenship in Kansas; it has proved itself, by many and shameful concessions of right and justice to the claims of a selfish policy, to deserve the epithet of "*the white man's party*"; and as it has drawn nearer and nearer to success in the Presidential contest, it has more and more withdrawn its energies from a warfare with even the outposts of slavery, and concentrated them upon a selfish conservatism, a nursing of its own power and influence. If the Republicans of some States, as it has been claimed, are less deserving of this condemnation, it will be well to give them an opportunity of showing it, both by petitions to Congress and by requests and instructions to their Senators and Representatives therein. They have not anti-slavery principle or zeal enough to *originate* active efforts against the continuance of slavery in the District of Columbia and the United States' Territories, or against the employment of slaves in work managed, or contracted for, by functionaries of the Federal Government. *We* ought to make these movements, both because they are important departments of the help needed by the slave, and as touch-stones to test the fidelity of Republicans, to enable us to do justice to such as may prove themselves more swayed by love of universal liberty than by love of power, and to undeceive those Abolitionists who have yielded to the folly of voting "just this once"—and on the ground of giving *greater practical efficiency* to their anti-slavery principles (!)—to elect the candidates of a party which avows a permanent acquiescence in slavery wherever it is already established.

For these reasons, it has been thought well to prepare, for active and thorough circulation in every free State (so called) the form of petition to Congress hereto appended. All its specifications are matters legitimately within the power of Congress; all are objects which Abolitionists everywhere have at heart, and in which Republicans also must unite unless grossly treacherous to their avowed principles; and each of the subjects comprised in this petition may be made doubly to perform the needful work of agitation, first among the people to whom it is presented for their signatures, and next in the houses of Congress which are asked to act upon it.

Slips containing this petition, in any needed quantity, may be obtained at this Office, and at the Anti-Slavery Offices in Boston, Philadelphia and Salem, Ohio.

PETITION.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Citizens of ——— State of ———, earnestly petition your Body to repeal the Fugitive Slave law of 1850; to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and in the United States' Territories; to prohibit the Inter-State slave trade; and to pass a resolution, pledging Congress against the admission of any slave State into the Union, the acquisition of any slave Territory, and the employment of any slaves by any Agent, Contractor, Officer, or Department of the Federal Government.

LEGAL VOTERS. | NON-VOTERS.

ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION IN ENGLAND.—We eagerly appropriated the first report that reached us of the meeting held on the first of August in London—Lord BROUGHAM in the chair—to celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. The sketch of Lord BROUGHAM'S address upon taking the chair is apparently quite full, but the remarks of the other speakers are only briefly alluded to. After this report was in type, we received the London *Morning Star* of August 2d, in which we find a more complete sketch of the proceedings, and particularly of the speech of GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., of which we shall avail ourselves next week.

The testimony of the venerable Lord BROUGHAM as to the complete success of emancipation is of the highest importance, because it will have great weight with many who have been slow to admit the truth upon authority less weighty.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the "Christian Anti-Slavery Convention," lately held at Columbus, Ohio, not having reached us, we are as yet unable to decide whether, by an uncompromising demonstration against very and its clerical and religious supporters, it fairly entitled itself to the *honor* of the *New York Herald's* denunciation (see first page), or whether, on the contrary, it was, like so many other movements made under a similar name within the last few years, designed rather to save the credit of the Church than to promote the freedom of the slave. Experience has taught us to distrust, as altogether unreliable, the anti-slavery professions of men who are always careful to repel the coöperation of men whose religious opinions differ from their own. Such men we have usually found subordinating the cause of the slave to the interests of their sect.

POOR QUALITY OF CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

I HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to call in question the jubilant tone of your correspondent KIWA upon the action of the Salem street Church of Worcester, Mass.; and the recent action of this Church, culminating last evening in a vote rejecting a proposition to withhold the regular Church collections for the A. B. C. F. M. while it maintained a pro-slavery attitude, seven only voting for, while twenty-one voted against it, seems fully to justify the criticism I then made upon your correspondent's letter.

The resolution of the Church, "renouncing all Church association, connection and fellowship with slaveholders, and with all who in any manner knowingly and persistently uphold or countenance slavery," seemed to be inconsistent with a continued support of the pro-slavery American Board. Accordingly, Mr. H. B. Sprague, the accomplished Principal of our High School, who introduced and sustained so successfully the anti-slavery resolutions, gave notice, at a regular prayer-meeting, recently, that he should, at some future meeting, perhaps the next, move to suspend their regular collections for the Board.

At the next meeting, the pastor of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Richardson, with his allies, taking advantage of the absence of Mr. Sprague and most of his sympathizers, suggested the taking up of the motion that Mr. Sprague *intended* to make, and, after a specious argument by Mr. Richardson, and some remarks by others, against the proposition, the whole subject was indefinitely postponed by a large vote, and against the earnest protest of a few friends of the measure, who objected to the taking up and acting upon the matter, in Mr. Sprague's absence, as irregular and disorderly, not to say unjust and unfair.

But the apparent triumph of this snap-judgment procedure was not long-lived; for, notice being given on Sunday, July 31st, to that effect, Mr. Sprague's intended motion was made by Dea. P. M. Kendall, at the regular business meeting of the Church, on Friday evening, August 5, and, after a protracted and animated discussion, the motion was rejected by the vote stated above. Mr. Sprague was unexpectedly out of the State, but in the necessity of his absence, he had addressed a long, earnest and able letter to the Church upon the question, in which he argued the matter clearly and conclusively, making his points with great force, and illustrating and demonstrating them with incontrovertible facts.

The opponents of the measure claimed that the position of the American Board was open to varied views and constructions; while some might consider it pro-slavery, others, just as intelligent and candid anti-slavery men, would not see it so, and so continue to support it. And whatever its past character might have been, its proposed separation from the India Missions would entirely clear it from any pro-slavery relation, and so relieve it from any anti-slavery criticism.

These arguments, urged mainly by the Pastor, Mr. Richardson, and Charles White (who has not contributed to the Board for many years on account of its, to him, apparent pro-slavery character), were very ably and successfully met by the friends of the motion, who were well informed in the history and real character of the Board, and who had the facts and documents to demonstrate them in hand; but all to no avail, for the majority were determined not to "renounce connection" with the Board at any rate. Thus this Church, whom KIWA would have us think voted "unanimously" and "with a will" to "renounce all connection" with pro-slavery alliances, refused to do it, when the practical application of their resolutions was asked.

One argument, which was wielded by Mrs. Richardson and White with a good deal of ostentatious display, was, that such strong and decided anti-slavery men as Dr. Geo. B. Cheever and Rev. H. T. Cheever, although they disapproved the pro-slavery action of the Board, did not withhold their support, but had regular collections in their respective churches for it.

How pernicious the example, and how much more dangerous the influence, of a nearly good man, with one defective characteristic! He can be cited as an example, while the entire bad man misleads no one. J. A. H.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OF VERMONT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN a recent communication for your columns I brought matters to the inauguration of the Republican party in Vermont, July 13, 1854, which was done by the people themselves. And they made good nominations for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor on the spot. But the tricksters and office-mongers (who had stood without and trembled during the Convention) contrived to cheat the people out of their Governor by inducing him to decline in favor of the regular Whig candidate. An indignation almost boiling over was felt among the Liberty and Temperance men, but it was smothered by the State Committees of the Whig and Republican parties. And the very next spring (so dormant had the anti-slavery masses become), it was proposed (by the Governor's organ) to renominate this mongrel ticket without even the *form* of a Convention. A meeting of some of the leading editors of the party was proposed as a substitute for a Convention. One paper rebelled, and a Convention was called. But, with a Whig ex-member of Congress for chairman of Committee on Resolutions, there was such a toning down of the platform as produced no small disaffection. However, the smothering process was resorted to and all was still. In the Convention of 1856, the Temperance resolution, which had been quite diluted in 1855, was dropped. Some Kansas pepper had to be sprinkled into the anti-slavery resolutions to meet the tastes of the people. But the great struggle was on the candidate for Governor. Here the Whig managers were determined and in battle array. They fought valiantly, and would have won, but for two things. First, The Americans had nominated the Lieutenant-Governor, General Fletcher, known as a Liberty and Temperance man; and, second, Abolitionists and Prohibitionists had scoured the State to get their men into the Convention. So that the fear of a rupture with the Know-Nothings and the strength of our element was all that saved us from defeat. There was Whig *will* enough, but it lacked courage and "the staff of accomplishment" However, the managers repaired their defeat measurably by taking Gen. Fletcher to their bosoms, becoming his privy councillors and inducing him to snub or forget his old Liberty and Temperance friends, so that they had it pretty much all their own way during his reign. The General went so far as to even revive the red rag of the military to please his Whig friends. He was so silly—had such over-weening confidence in those Whig managers as to look for a reëlection beyond the *customary two years!* He found the value of Whig leader friendship, however, at the Convention of 1858. He saw that they had not only forgotten him, but all that pertained to his former self and principles. They would accept nothing less than a pure "original" Whig, one "dyed in the wool." They took no small pains to prevent the promotion of Judge Kitteredge even, whose location, antecedents and then present position especially entitled him to the post. He had been Lieut.-Governor, was out of his judgeship and good Whig enough, but was tainted with Prohibition. And they must have a man, on whose garments neither the smell of Temperance nor anti-slavery had passed. And they got such a man, one who totally ignored Temperance in his message. True, he said some things against slavery extension, as any Whig Governor in Vermont might; but he was afflicted with no fanatical or reformatory notions—not he. The Lieut.-Governor is a Whig of the old school (as the Treasurer always *has* been), and the man who, in the House, voted against our Liberty bill of 1857—a bill less stringent than the law of 1858. (I notice rather an ominous mistake of *The Tribune* in recording his renomination this year. His Christian name is printed "*Barabbas*, instead of Burnham, the true name, in that paper.) So now, in every sense of the word, we have a *Whig party* sailing under *Republican* colors in the Green Mountain State. During the session of 1858, the party displaced every officer (save one, the Auditor—and *he* would have been ousted had they not "*feared the people*") who could be reckoned of the Liberty or Temperance stamp. So now it is far from those dreaded, disturbing elements, MORAL QUESTIONS. True, the *platform* has anti-slavery resolutions, but, as was well said by the editor of *The Phœnix*—who has since been chosen

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....No. XI.

August 1st, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Your friends in England are thinking of you to-day. It was on a festival day of yours that I wrote last. This day is a marked one throughout the British dominions; yet, though we know it is celebrated throughout the West India Colonies, and in Canada, and along the coast of Africa, as well as in the United Kingdoms, we are, I verily believe, thinking more of you than of our negro fellow-subjects or of ourselves. We intensely long for the time when you may have a great Emancipation Day to celebrate. You are doing what you can by anticipation, wishing us joy, and proclaiming throughout your land the happy results of letting the negro try how he can conduct his life when put in possession of himself. We think of you at this moment as holding your meetings, thinking our thoughts, and aspiring after our satisfactions. Our battle was an easy one compared with yours. May your final satisfactions be in proportion to the severity of your probation!

It is time that some vigorous steps were taken to assure the world of the actual results of emancipation. It is not to be borne that *The Times* newspaper, and other organs of the old planter interest, should go on talking of the laziness of the negro, and the decline of the Colonies, and the passing over of the production of sugar to other countries, when there is all manner of evidence that the negroes are industrious; not only prospering by their industry on their own grounds, but ready and eager to work for the planters, when sufficiently and punctually paid; and when the commercial returns show that the importation of sugar into England is, after severe vicissitudes from causes unconnected with labor-supply, larger than it ever was under slavery—to say nothing of the extensive trade which our western Colonies now carry on with the United States, Australia, and other countries. The facts must now become known all over the world, through the stir which is being made about the importation of coolies. The question is of the best method of obtaining full and accurate information as to the demand and supply of labor. If a Royal Commission could be certain of the fairness of the testimony which would be brought before it on the spot, that would, no doubt, be the best plan; but there can be no such certainty while the old planter-race dominates those Colonies. There is the same difficulty about a Committee of Parliament. On the whole, it seems to be agreed that the most effectual way will be to prepare a set of questions, with all possible care, and send them, under the authority of the Colonial office, to every sort of resident who can be supposed to have information to give as to the social and material condition of the Colonies which once contained slaves. The Duke of Newcastle, our Colonial Secretary, pledges himself that the whole influence of his department shall be exerted to obtain a proper consideration of these questions. You do not need to be told that your anti-slavery friends are perfectly satisfied that in some of the Colonies there is an abundance of indigenous labor; and most probably in all, if it was properly utilised; but we are anxious to hear—and that you should hear—all that can be said on every side of the question. When the results arrive, we trust you will be able to make them known in every corner of every State in the Union.

There are no great changes in continental affairs to report. The affliction of the Italian States at the peace of Villafranca need not be described. The friends of freedom everywhere understand *that* without being told. It is not quite despair that the Italians are feeling—unless it be the poor Venetians. Even they are petitioning; and prayer signifies hope. Elsewhere the people are showing that they can institute and obey a government, and that they mean to stand by the work of their own hands. When I say there are no great changes, I mean in the external aspect of affairs. There is a great change in public sentiment. The late idol is cast down and abhorred. The unspeakable rage and grief of the King of Sardinia and Count Cavour hide themselves in silence and retreat; but the people know what they are feeling, and, for their part, say what they think. As a natural consequence, they understand the English better than they did, and begin to see that our declining to march to Italy with the Bonapartes might be no sign of hostility to Italian liberties, after all. The debate of last Monday in the House of Commons on foreign affairs must, by this time, be making them a little ashamed of their late wrath, and disposed to trust our good-will for the time to come. We do not choose to meddle in affairs which concern only consenting parties; as in the disposal of Lombardy. But it may lie in the way of our duty to see that rights are not trampled upon, and the peace of Europe endangered by any forcible settlement of Italian affairs, overriding the will of the people at large. The frank and timely declaration to this effect in Parliament may help to guide and modify the proceedings of the Zurich Conference, or bring on a Congress of European Powers. Whether so or not, the view and will of the people of England, and of their government, are now understood.

It may be supposed that the French Emperor's declaration of his intention to reduce the army and navy to a peace footing may be regarded as a great change. But time (and a good deal of it) is necessary to forming a judgment of the plainest avowals of Louis Napoleon. I need not refer to any other of his plain declarations (so difficult to understand in the end!) than that which he so lately made about his own forces: that he could not disarm, because he had not armed; a statement which was immediately followed by his pouring a prodigious army, with unbounded supplies and appliances, into Piedmont, and a great fleet into the Adriatic. Remembering this, we feel that we must obtain clear evidence of actual, and not merely temporary disarmament before we rest upon any assurances. We must be satisfied that there was no reason for the declaration following immediately upon menacing articles in his newspapers, and immediately preceding the great debate in our Parliament. We must be satisfied that he has given up the practice of saying the contrary of what he means, and of covering up some great plot by a demonstration of extraordinary candor. It is really impossible to do justice to him at any moment, even if he deserves it. Speech is not, with him, an expression of his meaning; and silence is as bad. As his subjects say of him, "He is always lying, if he does not speak." ("Il ne parle pas, mais il ment toujours.") It is only when time has proved him in any particular, therefore, that he can obtain confidence, or the barest credence, from any quarter. Our course is plain enough. We must bring up our defences to the point of safety—which is also that of peace and good will, and such confidence as remains possible. All the world knows that we dislike war, and have nothing to gain by it; and that our warfare will be purely defensive, wherever our next battle-field may be; and no well-intentioned neighbor can therefore object to our putting our defences in serviceable condition. When we have done that, and the French forces are really reduced to a peace-footing, our neighbors and we shall have approached that equality of strength which is favorable to a good understanding. Many things, however, must happen before that stage can be reached. There is more to be arranged than is at all likely to be arranged harmoniously. Every fresh disclosure of the character of the French Emperor seems to lessen the chances of his "empire" being "peace," as he early announced. His position is critical to the last degree; his *prestige* is impaired; probably his intellect is not altogether what it was. Whatever his wishes may be, he can no longer choose what his reign shall be. His neighbors must be prepared accordingly. There may possibly be external peace; but there can be no repose for Europe, nor for any country in it, during his life, or his reign.

It is no part of the object of our correspondence that I should engage in controversy about any American affairs; and least of all about any which concerns your Association. Justice seems to require, however, that I should say in reply to Mr. Howland's suggestion that letters are written by our friends in the United States to bias our judgments, that I, for one, refer altogether to the published reports of your proceedings, when I comment upon any of them. The impression I described, in regard to the differences of opinion in your Association, was derived from published documents, and especially confirmed by the resolutions of Mr. Pillsbury, and the speeches on the points they embraced. All I have to say is that your friends here have always understood the strong point of your Association to be that it was not *doctrinaire* in any direction; that it set up no test of opinion, and allowed none such to be set up; that (as Dr. Follen used to explain to me) it had not even any plan; but that it left opinion free, requiring only that its members should earnestly desire and work at the abolition of slavery, by the means which should present themselves at each passing moment. The object perdurable; the aim steady; the means, whatever time and change should offer. We still understand such to have been the original character of your organization. If we are mistaken, we shall be grieved; because the failure of associations grounded on, or subjected to, opinion is assured beforehand, in the nineteenth century. When, therefore, we see a few members attempting to introduce a new principle and method, requiring assent to points of opinion in which unanimity is well nigh impossible, it seems to us that those who propose the change are the party to secede or withdraw. They say "we believe this and that, and we must be faithful to our convictions." By all means. Let them say what they think of persons and parties; but surely it is directly contrary to the principles of your Association that they should require other members to think as they do, or say whether they do or not. To declare by resolution the demerits of various persons and parties is a direct enforcement of a test in a matter of individual opinion, and an infringement on the liberty of every member of the body. Any man has a right to say on his own account that he believes A to be as bad as B or C; but when this opinion is pressed as a resolution, the natural objection arises that it is no part of the business of the Society to pronounce on such a matter. If the movers go on to intimate that whereas A is as bad as B or C, D is as bad as either if he does not admit it, a further encroachment on liberty is made; for this is forcing D and his friends to assent or dissent. If they do not assent, they may create a false impression; and if they do, they are compelled to appear as opponents of those with whom they do not desire to dispute. This seems to us a wrong on the one side, and a hardship on the other. In salaried agents of the Society, it seems something graver than impolicy. To us, the strongest doubt is about the progress of the cause. We see Americans enough, and read and hear enough of what goes on, to be able to compare the tone of united speech at this day with what it was twenty, ten, five, three years ago. An Association which has to work on through such changes as you have experienced and we have watched, must necessarily be what we have always been assured that yours is, free to act according to the circumstances of the time, sympathizing with all who are doing anything for the abolition or restriction of slavery, and not concerned with the shortcoming of anybody else, when once you have obtained an open course for yourselves. As I said before, and as nobody will dispute, the Church stands on different ground from any other portion of the community, because it assumes to be master of the spiritual and moral situation at all times and under all circumstances. Its false pretensions in the particular case must be exposed, because the abolition of slavery is its primary and express duty; and the omission of its proper and peculiar business is a perilous hypocrisy. There is and can be no case analogous to this; and there is, I suppose, no difference of opinion in your Association about it. These few lines may show what our view is, and how we arrived at it. Those members who think it right to "criticise" colleagues for opinions which they force them to declare, or for a procedure on which every man must judge for himself, cannot be displeased at criticism, on such an occasion as their attempt to shift your Association to a new basis. That all are faithfully and fervently devoted to the object of your organization, no one, I believe, on either side the water, ever had a moment's doubt.

Yours, H. M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The correspondent rehearseth the funeral of Mr. Choate—He compareth it with that of Mr. William Poole—He is disrespectful towards the Bar—And exonerateth Mr. Choate from any part in his own funeral—His saying as to Mr. Adams's—The Correspondent's reasons for believing that it was not a case of premature interment—He giveth a theory in Natural History—He maketh a transition to Abington and the First of August—The grove and the desiccated lake—He looketh forward to the Inauguration of the Idol—His opinions as to the bread and butter of Gov. Banks—He prophesieth evil things—And forebodeth the purification of the wall of Faneuil Hall—And old John Adams having his own again—He expresseth his gratitude to Messrs. Webster and Choate and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, August 15, 1859.

We are not done with poor Mr. Choate yet. I see the Historical Society have been trying their hand at him, and not making much of a hand at it, neither. In fact, people are getting sick of his name, and we are beginning to come to the conclusion that we did "run that thing into the ground," in a way that justly laid us open to the ridicule of your York cockneys. The Morphy dinner was a fool to it. You know we were a whole week burying the poor man—as long as it took to create the world in the beginning. From the moment the telegram came along announcing his demise, the resolutionizing and slang-whangery, and half-mast flaggery, and bell-tollery, and minute-gunnery, and all the rest of it were going on in one form or another. And on the day of the funeral a military band in uniform, playing a dead march, was added to the rest of the tom-foolery with which that clever manipulator of juries was carried to Mount Auburn to be quiet at last! You have never had anything like it, excepting the obsequies of Bill Poole—and really the one case does not look to common sense much more absurd than the other. Mr. Choate was the champion of his ring, as was Bill Poole of his. Each had his faculties and science at his fingers'-ends and could double up an adversary more knowingly than most men in their respective lines. But the services to the public of neither of these gentlemen were of a nature to call for any particular demonstrations of public grief. I suppose they were both paid for whatever they did, in some coin or other, as they went along; and that should have contented their admirers, as it undoubtedly did themselves. But as New York can hardly be held accountable for the Apotheosis of Mr. Poole, neither should Boston in her entirety be made responsible for that of Mr. Choate. We really are not altogether such fools as we look. You would have known this could you have heard the undercurrent of talk that ran through the streets all the time.

There was never a more hollow pageant than this public funeral and all the talk that went before it. It really stood for nothing. The sincere grief of family and friends it certainly did not represent, and the degree of admiration which the great forensic ingenuity of Mr. Choate excited in the public mind was not of a description or an intensity to demand such an expression. In fact, the character of a great winner of verdicts is not one that secures popular respect or permanent fame—unless his name be connected, like James Otis's and Erskine's, with great forensic battles of liberty. The laity may admire, but they do not greatly esteem, the Dalgettys of the law who are ready to fight on either or any side for "pay and provant"—men who hold the opinion which it is said Mr. Choate himself put into the epigrammatic and remmberable form, that "all causes are equally good before the verdict!" There are great lawyers, it is true, who are respected and venerated in all times, but they are the *jurisconsults* rather than the *causidici*, the calm thinkers of the chamber rather than the noisy wranglers of the bar, who obtain this place in general esteem. And no one, I am told (for I had not even a speaking acquaintance with him), would have seen this whole thing in a more comic point of view, than Mr. Choate himself. At the time of John Quincy Adams's public funeral, when he was lying in state in Faneuil Hall, Mr. Choate expressed his sense of the sort of thing in this professional *mot*: "If this were my case, instead of Mr. Adams's, *I had rather it were heard at chambers*"! But the case of Mr. Adams, as an ex-President and statesman, was entirely different from that of Mr. Choate, who was known only as a miraculous wheedler of juries—his public life having been conjured out of his political body by the long fore-finger of Mr. Clay on the floor of the Senate. And nobody would have seen the distinction sooner than he.

One thing at least was very certain, that there was no possibility of its being a case of premature interment. For, if Mr. Choate had not been very dead indeed, he must have been recalled to life by hearing the names of the parties who took the initiative in his posthumous honors by the Bar of the City. Now, Mr. Choate was not "a good hater"—he had hardly moral stamina enough for *that*—but he was not without his antipathies and aversions, and I am assured, by good authority, that he was by no means personally fond of certain gentlemen, connected with each other by blood and marriage, whose names are prominent in the earlier stages of these proceedings, and that he was far from mealy-mouthed in expressing those particular sentiments. So that it is regarded as a proof of his being dead beyond resuscitation that he lays quietly under the galvanic battery of their eulogy. This, you understand, is the talk of the Bar and the town—for I have no personal knowledge on the subject. I believe you republished a part of Dr. Nehemiah Adams's Funeral Discourse, which, if your readers did not find entertaining reading they must be dull fellows indeed. We looked upon it as one of the most diverting performances of recent times and were as merry over it as mutes after a funeral. It raised a nice question in Natural History, however, as to what those creatures were which Mr. Choate found lying on their backs and employed himself in turning over on their bellies with his stick one morning, by way of giving them a fair start in life. A lady of my acquaintance suggests that they may have been *humbugs!* What do you think of the hypothesis?

The First of August has come and gone since my last letter, accompanied by its fit celebration. To be sure, we discounted the occasion and took it up two days before it fell due. As the Anniversary came on a Monday this year, we solemnized it on the Saturday before—inasmuch as Monday is not a convenient day for such holiday events, and Saturday is the one when the most people are at leisure to enjoy themselves. And a very merry solemnity it was. As you have given the proceedings and speeches in full, there is not much left for me to tell. If your readers will look back to my letters ten or twelve years ago—for, of course, they carefully keep them by them for study and meditation—they will find full and accurate accounts of the Abington Grove where we met and where we have met for many years. It has become a kind of institution with us, and indeed with other people, too—for I am told there are three or four Pic-Nics a week held there during the summer months. And it is no wonder, for it seems made expressly by Nature for such occasions. To be sure, its beauty was somewhat marred by the ill passions of man this year. The lakelet which surrounded it on three sides was partly artificial and was fed by a stream whose outlet was dammed up below. It seems the person owning the dam has received a certain rent for the use of his waters, and this year he doubled his demand. The owners of the Grove not being disposed to comply with his terms, he let off the water, to the very serious damage of the beauty of the scene. I trust his heart will be softened by next year so as to let it on again. He certainly had his revenge, if that is any comfort to him. But, for all that, it is a spot of singular sylvan beauty and well consecrated now to Anti-Slavery uses. I believe we were the first to bring it into notice.

I trust I shall have something to tell you in my next about the approaching Inauguration of the Webster Horror. Mr. Everett has postponed his voyage to Europe, whither he proceeds to place his youngest son at Oxford, for the purpose of making yet another Speech on the occasion. Governor Banks, it is understood, is to make one on accepting it in the name of the State. This magistrate is generally regarded as very well informed on the scientific point of the side on which his bread is buttered; but I think he let the slice slip out of his fingers when he consented to be made the tool of Boston Hunkerdom as to the setting up of this Statue, and that it fell buttered-side down in the dirt. It is not a sacrifice the people of the State are well-pleased with, and we shall have plenty of help in getting it taken away again. Mr. Garrison, I am told, expresses his intention of having it removed, and as he alway does get whatever he asks for, you may accept it as a foregone conclusion. The majority of the people of Massachusetts did not suppose when they made Mr. Banks Governor, that they were anointing a High Priest for the Apotheosis of the Man of the Seventh of March, and I think they will be ready to give him a significant intimation to that effect next winter. We got Judge Loring turned out, with a Governor backed by Hunkerdom on his side; and I imagine it will take much less time to clear our front yard of this brazen idol. And after that is done I trust we shall have a city government with pluck enough to rid Faneuil Hall of the acre of canvass that cumbers it in honor of the same broken-down politician. And besides that, only think of John Adams's bust being shouldered aside under the stairs by Daniel Webster! But none of these things can endure forever, or for long. I am much obliged to him, however, and to Mr. Choate for the means of raising a letter in this very dry time. Indeed, if this latter gentleman had not been good enough to die and his friends kind enough to make fools of themselves over his dead body, I really don't know what I should have done this week.

D. T.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous cooperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous cooperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH P. REMOND,	ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS, held at Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., the 3d, 4th and 5th of June, 1859.

The men whose proceedings are recorded in this pamphlet are among those whom the popular American Church regards as infidels, but if, in obedience to the injunction of Jesus, we judge them "by their fruits," it will be impossible to deny that they are far better entitled to be called Christians than those who denounce them. They seem to us to evince the very spirit of Christ and to be seeking the very objects for which he lived, suffered and died. Among the resolutions adopted by them we find these:

Whereas there can be no right more sacred, perfect and self-evident than the right of every human being to the undisputed possession and control of his or her own person; and whereas, in fact, this self-ownership is plainly the essential and fundamental condition of all moral, social and religious duties and responsibilities, which can in any wise attach to man or grow out of human existence; therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize in American slavery, in its bold and blasphemous denial of this original and most precious of all human rights to four millions of men and women, and their unborn posterity, the most stupendous, glaring and shocking abomination, which obstructs the pathway of human progress, and that, therefore, the abolition of slavery ranks first and preeminent among all the reformatory movements of the age, and that we pledge to it our deepest interest and most earnest devotion.

Resolved, That the fact that the American slave system has existed for more than two hundred years, in the presence of American Christianity, and on terms of concord with it, demonstrates very clearly that such Christianity has its basis in the pride and avarice of the American people rather than in any authorized expression of the eternal will and wisdom of God.

Resolved, That any religion, theology or God which approves and authorizes the wild and guilty fantasy that man can innocently hold property in man is a religion, theology and God derived from all the baser elements of human nature, and should be scouted as the blackest atheism.

Resolved, That the American Tract Society, representing, as it does, the evangelical religion of this country, and professing as its object "vital godliness and sound morality," might naturally be expected to record its testimony in positive and stringent condemnation of the gross and scandalous enormity of degrading man to a brute, and of making merchandise of the image of God; and that the fact that that Society does not so condemn slavery, but, on the contrary, employs its mighty energies and opportunities in shielding the system from rebuke, in suppressing free discussion, thereby fostering and perpetuating that which John Wesley characterized "as the vilest system that ever saw the sun," justly brands it before God and the world as a stupendous sham; its "vital godliness and sound morality" a delusion and a snare to be shunned and denounced by every one who would preserve his conscience unstained by innocent blood.

Resolved, That the members of this meeting of the "Friends of Human Progress," while they deeply sympathize with the noble men of Ohio, now suffering in prison in Cleveland, for preferring obedience to God, to tame submission to a most wicked law against humanity, recognize a necessary link in the chain of events by which the people of the North shall be brought to see that their own liberties are held in the same peril and must fall or flourish with those of the sable race, who are declared "to have no rights that white men are bound to respect."

Resolved, That what is popularly called prejudice against color has its complete explanation and solution in the wrong and oppression which the white race have heaped upon the black race, and not in mere difference of color; and that prejudice will cease from the hearts when injustice and wrong shall depart from the practices of the American people towards the colored inhabitants of our country and the world.

HISTORY OF THE OBERLIN-WELLINGTON RESCUE. Compiled by JACOB R. SHEPHERD. With an Introduction by Prof. HENRY E. PECK and Hon. RALPH PLUMB. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Pp. 280, double-column 8 vo.

This is a valuable historical pamphlet. It contains a full account of the Rescue of the slave John at Wellington, by citizens of that place and of Oberlin; a report of the circumstances and facts attending the arrest and trial of the men charged with the crime (!) of redeeming a human being from slavery, contrary to the Fugitive Slave law; an account of the arrest of the slave-catchers upon a charge of kidnapping, and of their final discharge upon condition that the imprisonment and persecution of the rescuers should cease from the same date; and, finally, a full report of the rejoicings at Oberlin upon the return of the rescuers to their homes. As an illustration of the utter wickedness of the National Government and of the powerlessness or unwillingness of the State Government to defend the rights of those under its jurisdiction, the pamphlet deserves to be carefully pondered by every friend of freedom in the land. It contains the arguments before the Supreme Court of the State upon the application for a *habeas corpus* in behalf of the rescuers; also the brave and eloquent speech of Langston before being sentenced as a felon for obeying the Golden Rule. The work will be better appreciated twenty years hence than now. It should be carefully placed on file by every friend of liberty.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 795, contains Part I. of a story, "The Luck of Ladysmede," from *Blackwood;* "Recollections of Samuel Rogers," from *The Athenæum;* a critical paper upon France, from *Bentley's Quarterly*, a collection of articles upon European politics, and some fine poetry. Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our BAZAAR will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active cooperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH K GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

Summary.

At the present time, we learn that Adams's Express employs 3 782 men; that it has 972 agencies, and that its messengers travel daily 40,152 miles on railroads and steamers; a distance equal to once round the globe and two-thirds around it a second time.

SLAVERY AN ANTIDOTE.—Grant Thorburn says that Metternich, the subtle Austrian, once declared that as long as the republic of America existed, there would be no stability for the thrones of Europe, and that the only antidote to democracy was to propagate slavery in America.

ONE OF THE LUCA FAMILY EJECTED FROM A CAR.—Mr. Luca, one of the family of colored vocalists, while on his way to Bloomfield, N. J., to arrange for a concert, was forcibly ejected from a car of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company, at the Jersey City station. He has just prosecuted the company.

John Mitchel has dropped his *Southern Citizen*, and is going home to Ireland. His subscription list is to be added to that of the New York *Day Book*. The South does not appreciate flunkeyism very well, especially when its insincerity and mercenary character are obvious.

The Cleveland *Leader* thus notices a visit of Elizur Wright, of Boston, to the West: The Rev. Elizur Wright is now at the Weddell House, with his wife and eleven children, having been to Tallmadge to visit his relations, several brothers and sisters and their children. Seven children of Mrs. Wright, who is now forty-eight, are deceased; the youngest living, twin boys, are six years old.

LIBERALITY OF MR. A. T. STEWART.—The New York correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says:

"I was told a few evenings since that Mr. A. T. Stewart, the Merchant Prince of New York, intends to build a large Home for Widows and Indigent Women, and endow it most liberally; and that if one million of dollars are not enough, he will use two millions. Mr. Stewart says it is to the women he is indebted for his fortune, and now in return he will use it to benefit them, without regard to *sect or creed*."

The subject of spiritualism was again brought before the Scientific Association at its recent session. Mr. William R Prince introduced a resolution for the appointment of a committee to examine and report upon the claims of spiritualism to be ranked with the exact sciences. The resolution was laid on the table, and the mover was not allowed a hearing in its support.

The *Newcastle* (England) *Daily Chronicle* says that a well-known banker lately observed that several of his clerks had adorned themselves with moustaches. He called into his private room all the moustached, and said, "Gentlemen, I have no wish to interfere with your private amusements or hobbies but I must insist upon the moustaches being off in business hours. After 5 p. m. indulge your hobbies, if you choose."

A free negro fortune-teller, named Elisha Malone, was whipped to death in Dinwiddie County, Va., last week, by a negro man, slave of Mr. D. Roney. The sable seer had been visiting the wife of the slave for some time previous, on the pretext of telling her fortune, which excited the jealousy of her husband, who, watching his opportunity, seized the offender in the woods, tied him to a tree, and whipped him to death with switches.

DR. BELLOWS AND ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—The Springfield *News and Journal* says: "It seems to be the universal opinion that the decease of Mr. Mann will be a death blow to Antioch College. Undoubtedly it is a terrible blow—a most afflictive Providence—yet the gifted but departed President seemed in his last hours to retain that sagacity, foresight, and judgment which at all times characterized him while in active life. This was indicated by his suggesting the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, one of the ablest men in the country, as his successor."

A SHARP TRICK.—A free negro boy, from Frederick City, lately found himself in Mount Airy, Carroll Co., Md., a long distance from his home, without money to get back. By putting on a suspicious air he imposed on a gentleman, who took him for a runaway, and, after questioning him, receiving unsatisfactory answers, concluded to take the cars, escort the lad home, and pocket the reward he had pictured in his imagination. On arriving at the end of his journey, however, he found that the boy was free, and had been practicing upon his credulity. He was much crest-fallen at the discovery, and left as quick as possible.—*Baltimore American.*

PENNSYLVANIA TOBACCO.—The editorial correspondent of the Pittsburg *Gazette*, who accompanied the Cincinnati and Pittsburg authorities to Philadelphia, says that along the route of the Pennsylvania Railroad, east of Harrisburg, he noticed a comparatively large number of fields devoted to the culture of tobacco in Chester, Lancaster, and Dauphin counties, and that the crop looked remarkably well. The writer thinks that this culture has worked its way into Pennsylvania from Maryland; but this is a mistake, as tobacco is quite extensively cultivated in northern New Jersey, Connecticut, and other Northern States, and is a very profitable crop.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD.—The Rome *Sentinel* relates that a three-year-old girl accompanied her father upon a visit to her grandparent in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home and of course on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching sole enjoyment, she called him to order by saying, with stern gravity, "*Be still, papa—grandpapa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon!*"

LATER FROM HAYTI.—By the arrival at this port of the brig Isabel Beurmann, from Port au Prince, we are placed in possession of our Hayti files to July 23. The feature of the news is the proposed change of the presidency to a dictatorship. The Chambers had appointed a committee, who waited on President Geffard, and proposed to him to assume the office and title of Dictator of Hayti, arguing that by the absolute authority thus accruing to him he could proceed better in his great work of the social re-organization of the country. President Geffard had declined the honor. *La Republique*, a journal established under the present *regime*, has exerted its influence in favor of the proposed dictatorship, which would invest Geffrard with almost despotic power. The course of the President in declining to assume dictatorial sway is recorded to his praise, but it is intimated that another application will be more successful.—*Evening Post.*

MORE TERRITORY FOR SLAVERY.—"Occasional" writes to *The Philadelphia Press*, from Washington, August 7, "that the President has sent instructions to Mr. McLane insisting upon the cession of Lower California by Mexico, in addition to the stipulations in the proposed *projet* respecting Tehuantepec and Sonora, and proposing the assumption by the United States of the claims of our citizens against Mexico, to be settled by a commission, and the payment in addition of some millions of dollars to Mexico for such cession, and the other stipulations mentioned. The form and phraseology suggested by Mr. McLane for the proposed treaty have been materially modified and changed. It is understood that Mr. McLane is to press the cession of Lower California as a *sine qua non*, and to exhibit his instructions on that point. It is supposed that this will secure the ultimate acquiescence of President Juarez and his Ministers and the Liberal party generally, and that the 'material aid' furnished by the Federal Government to the Liberal party will enable the Liberal party to triumph over all opponents, and establish itself as the permanent Government of Mexico."

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.—Horace Greeley, in one of his "Overland" letters to *The Tribune* describing the country just east of Salt Lake City, says: "White men with two or three squaws each are quite common throughout this region, and young and relatively comely Indian girls are bought from their fathers by white men, as regularly and openly as Circassians at Constantinople. The usual range of prices is from $40 to $80—about that of Indian horses. I hear it stated that, though all other trade may be dull, that in young squaws is always brisk on Green River and the North Platte. That women so purchased should be discarded or treated ill, as satiety or avarice may suggest, and that they should desert or deceive their purchasers on the slightest temptation can surprise no one. I met an Irishman on Big Sandy whose squaw had recently gone off with an Indian admirer, leaving him two clever, bright, half-breed children of seven and five years. I trust that plank in the Republican National Platform which affirms the right and duty of Congressional Prohibition not only of Slavery in the Territories but of Polygamy also, is destined to be speedily embodied in a law."

HAYTIAN PROVERBS.—Mr. James Redpath publishes in *The Tribune* in his correspondence from Hayti a series of two hundred native Proverbs collected by himself. The negro would appear to possess an aptitude for this species of wisdom. We select a few which have a characteristic look. "A snake that wishes to live should not walk on the highway." "It is only the knife that knows what is in the heart of the yam." "A crab has got ten feet, but he can't walk in ten roads." "The cock wears spurs, but he is no horseman for all that." "When the ox dies he leaves trouble about his skin." "A monkey is sure of what is in his belly; but what's only in his mouth he is not sure of." "'All that I want,' said the mulatto, 'is sufficient to enjoy myself.'" "The Bible, the good preacher, who neither eats nor drinks." "Don't take medicine at Mardigras."

Mr. Redpath adds a simple and beautiful stanza which he found in a book of poems by a Haytian author, written in French—which he thus translates:

LAST WISH OF A MOTHER.

Oh! God! she faintly said, upon her dying bed,
If I have followed thy Divine behest,
As my entire reward grant this request:
Make me the Guardian Angel of my babes when dead.

WINDFALL FOR THE LOUISIANA STATE BANK.—About the best illustration we have known for a long time of the Scriptural maxim, that "unto them that have shall be given, and to them that have not shall be taken away even that they have," has recently occurred in our city. The great, rich institution, the Louisiana State Bank, whose stock is quoted at $180—which has three millions and a half of specie in its vaults, and nearly six millions invested in paper, loans, discounts, pledges—suddenly turned up the other day the legatee of $50 000, bequeathed by a gentleman in Mississippi, who is

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

CORCORDIAM.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, heart of hearts! oh, true and bold!
Although the earth is cold above thee,
Thy memory hath not grown old—
A thousand thousand know and love thee;
Nor yet is dumb the bigot's hate—
He still rejoices o'er thy melancholy fate.

Poet of poets! unto thee,
As to Prometheus, 'twas given
To know the intense agony
With which a godlike soul is riven,
Beholding sin, and pain, and wrong
Victoriously maintain the strife of ages long.

And so to thee 'twas given to know
The secret of the dim hereafter—
The secret that could soothe thy woe,
And brave thee to confront with laughter
The outrage and the scorn which fell
Upon thy soul, that was lone but invincible.

Outrage and scorn! for thou in life
Wast spurned and scoffed at; calmly smiling,
Thou stoodst all silent amidst strife,
And answeredst not unto reviling,
In merit placing quiet trust—
Knowing, or soon or late, the world is fiercely just.

J. A. DORGAN.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. III.

The fresh morning air and the excitement of a swift gallop acted favorably upon Madge's animal spirits. Everything she saw drew forth warm expressions of admiration; her father looked upon her with more than his wonted pride, as she distanced him upon her swift-footed pony, and called laughingly back—

"Come on, laggard papa—you were in *such* a hurry, and yet I out-ride you"; then pausing until he overtook her, she touched the whip to the silken neck of her pony and dashed on like an arrow, while her gay, ringing laugh mocked him with its silver cadence.

"Dear girl," exclaimed her father, as he overtook her suddenly and placed his hand upon her bridle, "will you ever be more than a child?—you are so frolicsome! am I never to have a word of talk with you?"

Madge laughed heartily, but made no other reply.

"Your mother told me last night that you wanted to read a book—some novel of Reade's—what was it called? I am glad that something has turned your attention to books. You are getting old enough, dear, to give over, to a certain extent, these boyish sports."

Madge looked up, her eyes sparkling from under her hat.

"But, dear papa, I do not like books, and I love nature. Why should I read, if I have no taste for it?"

"Because, my child, I wish you to be informed."

"Informed of what? I once tried to read History, as you wished me, but I felt no interest in those old dead kings; and all the time I sat thumbing the pages, my heart was heavy; I wanted to be running with my dog or riding through the woods. The very atmosphere of your library was musty and sickening to me. Papa, it doesn't do *me* any good to know of those ugly old past times, but I am sorry that neither you nor mamma are satisfied with me. Last night I read that curious book, "Never too late to mend," and it made me feel fifty years old. 'Tis a dreadful thing—my blood grows cold now, as I remember it."

"Did you read it last night?"

"Yes, I sat up until a late hour, poring over it, and it seemed as if my brain were on fire. Papa, are people so very bad, so cruel? If they are, I don't wish to know anything of the world."

"Oh, no, my child; you must not learn life from novels. I don't want you to have any such unhealthy views. The world is a very good place, and people quite good enough."

As they neared the village, they were met by two negro men, carrying baskets. They took off their hats to the fine gentleman and his daughter. Col. Vertner greeted them with the customary "Well, my boys," and Madge nodded her head.

"Negroes are always at work, papa."

"Yes, my child, they were made for it."

"How glad I am that I was not born a negro. Papa, should not you hate to be one?"

"Yes, my child, with my present knowledge; but if I had been born a negro, I dare say a merciful Providence would have given me their satisfied feeling."

"They *do* seem happy; don't they?"

"Yes, the happiest people in the world."

"Yet they sometimes run off." Madge looked at her father earnestly.

"That's because they yield to a momentary discontent, and, like children who run away from school, they regret it instantly."

"Then why don't they return? Aunt Candie, who ran away from Dr. Lacy, never came back, and yet she had a letter written to the Doctor, saying how happy she was in Canada. Last night, when I heard Jack and Milly talking under my window, I was tempted to call you and tell on them; then I thought perhaps they would be happier, and I should not disturb you."

Col. Vertner checked his horse suddenly.

"Madge, did you know of these runaways?"

"Yes, I heard them whispering under my window."

"And did not tell me of it!"

"I did not like to. It would not have been right. I should have given you time to track them."

"Madge!" Col. Vertner's voice was stern.

"Papa!" the girl's tone was surprised, but affectionate. Simultaneously they turned their horses head to head, and the father and daughter looked inquiringly into each other's faces. There was a pause of a few seconds, which Madge broke by saying frankly—

"Papa, I had been reading of the terrible cruelties in an English prison, and my heart was softened. I thought perhaps these slaves were unhappy—were fleeing away in the hope of bettering themselves. I couldn't, I dared not step between them and the object of their flight. If I have done wrong, and given you trouble, I am sorry."

"My child, you have acted very foolishly, but naturally for a girl that was excited by a novel and could not discriminate; but how could you run the parallel between my place and an English prison? You have not seen any cruelties at home."

"No, sir, but something, I don't know what, forbade my speaking. Once, at school, when I saw Katherine Livers steal a quire of paper, and I was asked about it, I refused to give evidence; and though I knew Jack and Milly were stealing, I couldn't inform on them."

"Yet you took Mrs. Goodhill's flowers." Her father smiled.

"But I felt that they were mine!"

By this time they had entered the village, and were passing through its centre and main street. Everybody bowed to Col. Vertner, and looked admiringly at his young daughter, as they rode quickly by.

"Now, papa, adieu. I'll return home by the new road—come home as soon as you can"; and, striking her pony, Madge dashed down a side street.

Col. Vertner rode on, until he came to a long, narrow building, of dirty frame—the public house of the town—in front of which were seated several men, smoking cigars, chewing tobacco and discussing politics.

"Good morniu', Colonel; a fine day."

"Good morning," replied the Colonel, and, dismounting, he walked up to a rough, red-faced man, who had on a red flannel shirt, a straw hat, and was smoking a cigar.

"Tom, I'd like a word with you."

"At your service, Colonel."

The gentleman retired with the loafer to a more quiet spot, at the end of the long building.

"I have a little matter of business I wish you to attend to," said the Colonel. The loafer's face brightened. Business had been dull—a negro-catcher is generally a loafer—a man of permanent business habits could never be induced to turn out on such expeditions; for, besides being seldom lucrative, they are never respectable; so the riff-raff, or "poor white trash," as the negroes style them, generally take this office.

"Any niggers bin skippin' off, Colonel?"

"Yes, two—a man and his wife—and here" (handing him a paper) "is a written description of them and an offer of reward if taken in or out of the State—dead or alive—which you are to post in the most conspicuous places."

The man bowed as he received the paper, and, in a tone of professional boasting, replied—

"If they ain't faster 'an deers, I'll have um shortly—fur my dogs is sure on a scent."

Col. Vertner turned away without further words. Business once arranged, the lordly gentleman and slave-holder dared not condescend to speak further with a contemptible slave-catcher.

Nodding carelessly to the group, he remounted his horse and rode rapidly away.

There was a cloud upon the Colonel's brow; and when he was fairly beyond the precincts of the village, he turned his horse into an obscure path, and rode briskly along, the cloud deepening on his brow, and his cheek growing constantly paler. A dread secret locked in the soul is worse than a Spartan fox in its torturing bite upon the vitals.

We shall follow this gentleman of the world, in his seemingly retired ride, through woods. Up hills and down green valleys, he kept his course until, in the very thickest of the forest, in front of a rude cabin, his horse suddenly checked its course, as if accustomed to this as a stopping-place.

We have said the cottage was rude, but, if rough, it had about it the marks of a refined taste; flowers bloomed around, wild vines clambered over the rough walls and latticed the windows. The grass plot in front was green and fresh, the rose bushes were neatly trimmed, the path swept. You knew, at once, that taste and neatness kept watch.

Col. Vertner dismounted, and, throwing his bridle-rein carelessly over his horse's neck, left him to browse on the grass.

At the cabin door he was met by a tall mulatto woman, apparently about thirty years of age. She received him politely, kindly, almost affectionately—not as a slave, but as a friend, a lady.

And she *was* one of nature's crowned queens. Tall and graceful of limb, with a smooth throat, erect head and drooping shoulders, she moved as gracefully as a swimming swan. Her features were regular and comparatively small, with large, mournful black eyes, that seemed to enshrine in their melancholy depths the genius of her wronged and unhappy race. About her rather small and fine mouth there was a look of pain, evinced in a deep contraction of the corners. The wrapper of spotless white cambric, which was fastened at the throat by a knot of scarlet ribbon, set off finely her rich olive complexion. After speaking to her, Col. Vertner entered the cabin and flung himself hastily into a chair. The woman stood gazing timidly at him. At length she ventured to speak.

"Has anything gone wrong with you?"

"No, no, no." At the conclusion of each of these monosyllables, he drew a faint sigh; and while the woman stands gazing, with her heart in her eye, upon the man who has betrayed her, let us look around upon the cabin.

Though everything is simple and homely, there is an air of refined taste in the selection and arrangement of furniture, which half redeems the cabin from the charge of poverty. The uncarpeted floor is white, fresh and polished, from constant use of the scrubbing-brush, and a few rather pretty prints, without frames, are pinned upon the walls. Flowers and green branches festoon the rafters. A table in the centre of the room, upon which is placed a work-basket, and beside which is a small red cushioned rocking chair, complete the furniture of this little rustic home. Within a small inner room, the door of which is ajar, stands a bed, with its cool white drapery blowing and fluttering about in the morning breeze.

Col. Vertner looked around with a nervous stare, then smiled a bitter, forced smile, and, holding out his hand, invited the woman to his side.

"Rachel, it is suspected in the village that you have harbored runaway slaves here." His eye seemed to penetrate her. She crouched down to his side, and, taking his outstretched hand, began to plait the fingers, while she kept her eyes bent upon the floor, without making any reply.

"If you have done this, Rachel, you *must* leave this place at once. I have no power nor will to protect you."

He attempted to withdraw his hand, but she held it firmly; her lips quivered slightly, and there was a barely perceptible moisture about the eyelids. Then an attempt at articulation, a hard and violent swallow, as if words were choking her, and she said—

"Who accuses me?"

"No one as yet, but I suspect you."

"And would you hint at such a thing? would you *dare* to expose me to the terrible penalties of your law?"

She spoke rapidly, and with emotion, while her swarthy cheek glowed with crimson and her black eye glittered like a serpent's. For a moment the man was awed; he put out his hand and laid it upon her head, but she recoiled from the touch. Rising from her lowly position, she walked to the window, pressed her long, sallow fingers to her eyes, wiped away a few hot tears, then turned, as if made strong to express the thoughts that were crystalizing at her heart.

"Andrew Vertner, I am not now and never was a slave. Did society do me justice, I should be openly recognized as your cousin, for I am your uncle's child; and had he lived, I do believe he would have owned me as such in the face of the world. I wish I had staid in the North, where he sent me; and so I might, had you not decoyed me here with vain and foolish promises. I did not quarrel with you because you failed to keep those promises. For years I have lived only to be near you, and now to cast me off and refuse me that protection which natural and human right gives me!"

Col. Vertner was silent. These words had fallen upon his heart as truths. There are moments when even the most worldly and calculating men feel the bite of self-consciousness; glimpses of truth flash over them, when, seeing their lives as they are, they detest themselves. Rachel saw the moment and seized it.

"I do not say that I have or have not harbored runaway slaves. Certainly none of yours have been here. But I do say that I would not refuse lodging and food to a poor wretched outcast, flying from tyranny to liberty. If for this I am to be driven out of your State, why, drive me when and whither you please. I have some secrets which I shall use, if I am goaded too far."

Col. Vertner turned pale as he looked upon the woman's glittering eye, and listened to her determined tone, and, trying to smile, he said:

"Well, Rachel, don't be angry; we will not talk further about it now. Only don't let me hear complaints of you on this score. To be sure, I can't blame you for giving a cup of cold water or a crust of bread to a poor famishing wretch at your door; only be particular, and don't bring me and yourself into trouble."

She knelt down beside him and wound her long, graceful arms about his neck, and laid her soft olive cheek close to his.

"Do you know, Andrew, that this day, two years ago, I put away a little box of treasures, saying that in twenty-four months I would open it. Do you want to see it?" The voice was thick and husky, and the woman's form trembled, as she leaned still closer to the breast of Col. Vertner.

"No, Rachel, do not open that box. I know well enough what you have locked away; 'twill only trouble you, and can give me no pleasure."

The woman remained silent for some moments, with her eyes fixed attentively upon him, while he seemed lost in the maze of a half-troubled dream.

"Your daughter, Andrew, where and how is she?"

"Ah, Madge? I parted from her an hour or so ago. She is at home, I hope, and is as well and bright as a summer butterfly."

"I never saw her but once, and then I did not think she looked like you. A sort of strange, truant-looking child, and yet I liked her face. Is she much to you?"

"The very apple of my eye." The father's face brightened as he spoke.

"And my poor child"—Rachel's voice was low and reproachful—"never knew the love of a father, but my affection for her was all the more intense. How strange it is that, of all my children, not one has lived to bless my life! I am so lonesome at times that I feel like taking my own life, and would were I not such a coward."

Again the wily man plied the disappointed and half broken-hearted woman with oily words and specious promises; and when, after a visit of an hour, he rose to leave, she was softened, soothed and deluded.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet 'Yes' made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day:
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?
O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links that bind us, wife—small voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And oh, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
O may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

W. C. B.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

"BE LOST IN ME."

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
Nor winks the gold-fin in the porphry font;
The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danai to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, AND THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT."*

This is a tempting sort of book; tempting in its title, tempting in its opening, and in its slight disclosures of family circumstances; and, above all, tempting in its descriptions of the comforts and luxuries of rural life on a small scale—that is, with its elegancies, and without its coarsenesses. On seeing the advertisement, a hundred people in a day, no doubt, think "I must get a sight of that book." On getting a sight of it, half the hundred will probably conclude to buy it for the sake of reference; and nearly all the hundred will be conscious of a hankering after a small farm, with its cream and new potatoes, its fine home-cured hams, and peas and asparagus, and young ducks and custards, and wall-fruit without end. Of those who hanker, some may have been previously uncertain about their plan of life; and this book will be pretty sure to send such readers forth in search of a farm of four acres, more or less, in full confidence of making money by it. Now, we have nothing to say against small farming in itself, for those to whom it is suitable. The right sort of family being set down on the land, it may be prosperous and content on fifty acres, or thirty, or ten, and, as John Sillet has shown, on two. We are ready to go any lengths with successful experimenters in recommending the advantages of open-air occupations, of natural interests, and of doing something indisputably useful every day—to say nothing of the luxuries of the table, and, consequently, increased power of hospitality, which arise from the possession of even a small portion of land. But all advantages have their price; and it is particularly necessary for persons who are not rich enough to take an easy quantity of acres to make sure that they are not risking too much by following the lead of a sanguine adviser. After a good deal of personal experience of some very small farming under very favorable circumstances, we are disposed to sympathize in the honest enthusiasms of the genial ladies of this four-acre farm, who would like the whole world to be as comfortable as themselves; but we are also thoroughly convinced that if these excellent women go on improving their habits of business, and publish another account of their experience at the end of five years, their second book will be less dangerous than their first.

The experiment was this. Two ladies, and the six children of one of them, had to seek a home, and choose a way of life very suddenly, and without the freedom which a good income affords. They had, we are told, but a small income; and the rent they could afford to give was not to exceed £70. The account of the house-hunting is entertaining. They followed up the advertisements of houses suitable in price; and, under the guidance of the *Times*, spent many pounds and travelled over scores of miles of suburban ground, in search of rural paradises which turned out examples of every sort of disagreeableness. The first ten pages give us excellent sketches of these fruitless journeys; and then the first stage of the business ended thus:

"I fear I should tire the patience of the reader did I detail all our 'adventures in search of a house'; but we must entreat indulgence for our last journey. We once more started on the South-western line to see a house, which, from the assurances we had received from the owner, resident in London, must at last be *the* house, and for which the rent asked was £70; but once more were we doomed to disappointment by finding that the 'handsome dining and drawing rooms' were two small parlors with doors opening into each other; and that 'five excellent bed-chambers' were three small rooms and two wretched attics.

"From the station to this place was four miles; and as, weary and hopeless, we were returning to it, it occurred to H—— to ask the driver if he knew of any houses to let in the vicinity. He considered, and then said he only knew of one, which had been vacant some time; and that parties who had been to see it would not take it, because it was situated in a bad neighborhood.

"At the commencement of our search, that would have been quite sufficient to have deterred us from looking at it; but we could not now afford to be fastidious. Our own house was let, and move from it we must, in less than a fortnight; so we desired the driver to take us into this bad neighborhood, and were rewarded for the additional distance we travelled by finding an old-fashioned, but very convenient house, with plenty of good-sized rooms in excellent repair; a very pretty flower-garden, with green-house; good kitchen-garden of one acre; an orchard of the same extent, well stocked with fine fruit-trees; three acres of good meadow-land; an excellent coach-house and stabling, with houses for cows, pigs, and poultry—all in good order.

"The 'bad neighborhood' was not so very bad. The cottages just outside the gates were small, new buildings, and, once inside, you saw nothing but your own grounds. It possessed the advantage of being less than two miles from a station, and not more than twelve from London.

"'This will do,' we both exclaimed, 'if the rent is not too high.'

"We had been asked £120 for much inferior places, so that it was with great anxiety we directed our civil driver to take us to the party who had the disposal of the house. When there, we met with the welcome intelligence that house, gardens, orchard, meadows, and buildings were all included in a rental of £70 per annum. We concluded the bargain there and then, and that day forthnight took possession of our 'farm of four acres.'"

It will at once strike the reader that here were five acres, and not four—namely, "three acres of good meadow-land," a "good kitchen-garden of one acre," and "an orchard of the same extent." We presently find that half the kitchen-garden so much more than supplied the vegetables required by the family as to support four pigs, but for which cart-loads of produce would have been thrown away. So here we have half an acre of land, and a considerable quantity of produce for farming purposes, under the name of a kitchen-garden; and we may add to it the whole acre of orchard, for the ground "was all arable," we are told, and the crops sown there grew as well as if there had been no trees in the way. Thus, it was a farm of five acres to begin with. Near the end of the book, when we have long been wondering what was done with the cows when the meadows were shut up for hay, it comes out that there was a right of common into the bargain. We are delighted that there was. We know enough of the anxieties of May and June, when the winter-food is done, and the pasture must be shut up, and yet the beasts must be fed, to be able to congratulate the ladies on being always sure of help at a pinch—on being always secure that, in any case, the cows would not fast. But the establishment could not be said to live on the four acres (or five) while the cows were grazing on the common. There is no saying how many creatures may live on two acres, or one, if there is a common at their elbow to stop all gaps. "We were enabled," says our author, "to mow the whole three acres, as we had "common rights" in our neighborhood, where the cows could pasture during the spring—an advantage equivalent to full an additional acre, even if the "rights" were used at no other season.

The settling in the bright home is very pleasantly told; the hopes from the new cow, and the cosgress of children with their mugs at the first milking, and the scrape "Madam Sukey" got them and herself into by regularly kicking down pail, man and stool in spite of two stout neighbors to help, the fine second cow that fell ill directly, and the cure of the morals and physics of each; the complaints from the nursery that the new milk is *too good*; the picture of the dinner-table, with its profusion of juicy, sweet vegetables, so unlike the flabby greens and withered pease, and tasteless asparagus bought in the towns; the desert, with its unbruised peaches and apricots, and shining cherries and gooseberries; the vast array of bottled fruit, making it summer at dinner-time all the winter through; and, above all, the ladies' own share in the domestic transactions, and especially in the butter-making. All this is pleasant; and the glow of health and independence all through is really animating. The defect is in the estimates chiefly, though there are some errors of a lighter quality; but the mistakes on economical points are so grave as to call for special mention. It must be remembered that the work is offered as "a perfect manual for a farm of four acres."

To take the one department of the dairy. Our ladies tell us that "an acre of grass is usually considered sufficient to support a cow during the year." This is assuredly a mistake. If they had said an "acre of ground," we should have supposed they meant by means of spade-husbandry. Cobbett used to pretend that a quarter of an acre would suffice, under good tillage; and though this is not otherwise than exceptionally true, it might be fairly said that an acre would much more than feed a cow; but an acre *of grass* cannot possibly suffice, and, for our part, we never heard of less than two being assigned, and more commonly three. Perhaps "the common" behind the curtain may eke out the acre. The rent per acre is set down at £5—rather high, except near London. The only other expenses exhibited are getting in the hay, and oil-cake (18s. per cow) in winter. We hear nothing of the expenses of keeping the pasture; nothing of the necessary manure, the bone-dust or guano, which is indispensable over and above the stall-manure, which also is wanted for the tillage; nothing of the bush-harrowing and rolling of the grass, nor of the weeding and cleaning which every good pasture requires; nor of the care of fences; nor of the cost and repair of implements; nor of the wages of labor, except 15s. for the hay-making. So much for the pasture. When we come to the cows, of which our ladies kept three, with one calf, we find the produce set down—reckoning the milk at 3d. per quart, and butter at 1s. 3d. per pound (a high average), and the quantity at "thirteen or fourteen quarts per day," on an average—as worth £23, 6s. 4d. for the half-year. We see no mention of the original cost of the cows, whereas the average of their time of service should divide that original cost, and the product should be added to the yearly cost—say, a seventh part of the cost of a cow of five years old, as it may be expected to be serviceable till twelve years old at latest. We find no margin allowed for the loss by exchange of cows—a thing which happens often on very small farms—nor for illness or death; nor for diminution of milk, nor even for the dry season before calving. Any cow which yields thirteen or fourteen quarts daily for the year round is a marvel; but a group of three which should do so will not be believed in by practical farmers. Then the hay set down is not enough, if no addition beyond 18s. worth of oil-cake in winter is allowed. Hay, and hay alone, except the little oil-cake, our ladies recommend, while declaring that their mowing yielded less than two tons and a half per acre—that is, less than seven tons and a half for three cows, a calf, and a pony. Now, as each milch-cow should have seventy-five pounds of food per day, this quantity of hay would not feed the three for three months, excluding calf and pony, and allowing for the oil-cake; whereas "the winter" means, in the computation of cattle-food, four or five months, according to climate.

The oddest piece of information in the whole volume, perhaps, is that mangold-wurzel makes butter "strong and bitter." That saccharine, mild, juicy vegetable giving the butter a strong and bitter taste! We can only suppose that the ladies were badly served; that they gave their lamented guinea for something bad under a good name. We, for our part, are more solicitous about our mangold crop than even the hay, if possible—so welcome and wholesome is it to the cows, and so beneficial to their produce. The crop from our small plot of mangold has this year lasted two hearty cows nearly all the summer, when drought would otherwise have occasioned a serious dilemma; and for the quality of the cream and butter, we might challenge these ladies, or any other dairy women. Instead of apologizing to the very pig for giving it mangold, it would be wise to offer it to the cows, to make up for the short commons of hay; and now that "time is bringing about its revenges," our ladies may be perceiving that the first six months, or even twelve, can afford no basis for a computation for a course of years. They must soon learn, if they have not learned already, that seven or eight tons of hay will not always feed four or five beasts through the winter; and they may have by this time found the high value of mangold, and the usefulness of even the despised "brewers' grains," when the cows are in fine appetite. They do mention carrots as applicable once, when hay was scarce; and even potatoes, adding: "But these things are only required when you keep more stock than your land [meaning *pasture*] can support, a fault very common to inexperienced farmers on a small scale"—rather a curious observation from such a quarter.

Coming, now, to the produce, we find the value of the calf, at "a few days old," set down, without qualification, at a high figure. "The price is £1." Now, the cow-calf, or "wye," may and does fetch 25s. to 30s. at ten days or a fortnight old; the bull-calf is not often bid for, or is saleable for something under 5s. No such distinction is made by these ladies, and, as we observed, they pass over the weeks—five or ten—during which the cow is, or ought to be, dry before calving. They speak of it as a very moderate success to make eight pounds of butter per week from a single cow throughout the year; but they probably know better by this time about that, as well as concerning the average of milk per day.

We perceive some consideration of economy in the mention of glass apparatus for the dairy, which is spoken of as highly desirable, but expensive. Our experience differs from this, as far as glass milk-pans go. We found them cheaper to set up with than the older apparatus, and not liable to breakage, with ordinary care; but they are objectionable on a ground unsuspected by the ladies: the cream will not rise well in glass-pans. We reverted to the old-fashioned leaded cisterns, which are, in our opinion, incomparable, but by no means repenting our investment in cool-looking, greenish glass-pans; for they make charming drawing-room cisterns for water-lilies. One of these in each sitting-room and in the hall is almost as good as the domestic fountain in eastern houses for refreshment in the summer heats.

One of the most useful and amusing parts of this book is that which details the process of learning butter-making. The ladies could obtain no guidance from books, which are apt to tell everything about butter but the way to make it; and by this account, it is clear that they had not become acquainted with that little volume of Mr. Knight's series, The Guide to Service, called *The Dairymaid*,* where the art is fully disclosed. With excellent spirit and sense, the novices set to work, and with admirable patience they conquered their difficulties, coming out, we perceive, first-class dairy-women, sure of their art, because understanding the reasons involved in it. Their only weak point is their rose-colored spectacles. They tell us that they actually cleared by their dairy in six months £15 18s. 4d.; but considering that they have under-estimated expenses, and overlooked drawbacks and omitted prime cost, and exaggerated both the produce and the market-value of it, we can only send them back to their sum, and hope they will bring it up again when they have learned how to make it correct.

We have not space to show how the same failing runs through their account of the poultry-yard; but it may be useful to notice two or three points. If their first hen sat on thirteen eggs, and hatched from them thirteen chickens in March, which were fit for the table by the middle of May, and worth six shillings the couple, such a hen and chickens can be no rule for the generality. The ducklings are fairly admitted to be less profitable, though it is recommended that they should be allowed to run in the pasture—a practice notoriously fatal to ducklings. Between eating slugs or other creatures which kill them, and getting entangled in the grass, and cramped or lost, the ducklings which are sent into a meadow may be looked upon as a most precarious property. On the other hand, the ladies are certainly mistaken about the ill-luck of broods hatched in the hot months. On some accounts, and in some climates, the March broods may turn out best; but it is common for a late frost or a heavy rain to be more destructive than any heat, to say nothing of the sharp-set appetites of "vermin," hawks, cats and other enemies of chickens, in early spring. We have seen no finer broods than some of ours hatched in July, and the July of a very hot summer.

In all that they can say of the comfort of bacon and hams derived from well-educated pigs, the ladies have our warm sympathy; but our understanding does not follow them in their process of fattening a pig of thirteen stone for ten shillings. We are not told how old the pig was when bought; but as it cost thirty shillings, it could hardly have been less than four months old. It was killed in three months, when it had had just ten shillings' worth of meal during its latter days of fattening. Now, though we have the same distaste as our author for over-fat pork, we never knew a pig, even so young as this, made fit for the butcher under a lower diet than sixteen stone of meal; and this, at one shilling and sixpence a stone, amounts to twenty-four shillings. So much for the pig, which would have answered better, in the neighborhood of such a garden and household, if bought young at from ten to fifteen shillings, and thoroughly meal fed for three weeks or a month before seeding for the butcher, instead of being played fast and loose with, with "a little meal and a few pease" within a month of its utilization. In a yet commoner—the very commonest—article of cookery, bread-making, our ladies may transcend the point of success we are glad to see they have reached. Instead of water, let them use milk, which so abounds in their houses; and then their London friends will praise their loaf more than ever.

Finally, let them remember that farm-stock costs money in the first instance, which must enter into any fair estimate of the *pros* and *cons* of farming, large or small; and that there *are* such things as bad seasons in the land, and diseases and accidents among quadrupeds and fowls; and hawks, and cats, and rats, and frosts, and floods among chicks, ducklings and pigeons; and that, therefore, a flourishing half year at the outset is, we repeat, no basis for a calculation on which serious consequences may depend. Not only do we miss all notice of the cost of implements, manure, and special acts of tillage, but even all reference to the wages of labor. It is true, with five acres of ground and a pony-carriage, there must be a man on the premises, farming or no farming; but it will scarcely be pretended that one man can take proper care of four or five beasts in stall and stable, and the carriage, besides the three or four pigs, and a large kitchen-garden and flower-garden, and an orchard which is, in fact, an acre of arable land, and three acres of pasture. Even if the mistresses, maids, and children undertake the dairy and poultry-yard, and pigeons and greenhouse, here is more than any man living can possibly get through. We suspect that a little more experience will show the necessity of adding above £30 a year, for additional labor, to the list of expenses.

The candid chapter on rabbits shows that our complacent instructress has no desire to deceive. It is the sad old story over again which so many of us could tell; of the pining and mortality among pretty white does and their innocent offspring, till their family grave-yard is full; and the way to have no more children's tears is found to be to have no more rabbits. The pigeons did better; even brilliantly, it appears, though the family abode does not stand in an oasis. These pigeons seem to have bred no quarrels among neighbors. We must quote an anecdote on which we should make the same comment as our author, who never puts pets into pies. The contents of her pigeon-pies "were taken from the nest as soon as they were fledged."

"We were one day much amused by a clergyman of our acquaintance who kept a great number of these birds in a room, and who, in default of children to pet, made pets of his pigeons. At dinner, a pigeon-pie made part of the repast. This was placed opposite a visitor, who was requested to carve the dainty. He did so, and sent a portion of it to his host. The reverend gentleman looked at the plateful sent him attentively, and then said, with a sigh: 'I will trouble you to exchange this for part of the other bird. *This* was a peculiar favorite, and I always fed it myself. I put a mark on the breast after it was picked, for I could not bear to eat the little darling!' We always thought that this sentimental divine had better either not have had 'the little darling' put into the pie, or have swallowed his feelings and his favorite at the same time."

Here we must leave the agreeable scene disclosed to us by ladies, whose energy, frankness and honest enthusiasm we cordially respect, and to whom we wish a long continuance of the health, cheerfulness and prosperity they so well deserve by their choice of a rational mode of life for themselves and their household. We should be exceedingly happy to know that their example is followed by some of the many women who are solely in want of something to do; and the more we desire this, the more anxious we are that the sound guidance of the example should not be turned into a snare by defects in the statement of the case. Hence our criticisms, when our mood was altogether one of sympathy and admiration.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* London. 1859.

* On turning to this little book, we see that the proper average quantity of butter per cow in a dairy county is set down at six pounds per week in summer, and three pounds in winter. It is a serious thing to tempt a novice with the prospect of eight pounds on the average of the year, and in an apologetic tone!

A PSALM TO THE RAIN.

For a month past we have, with the exception of a single shower, suffered from a parching drought. The pastures were brown, the corn wilted, and even the deep-rooted trees, in exposed places, showed signs of thirst. On the Sabbath the sky gave tokens of a coming rain. All day the clouds seemed gathering their stores of water to pour forth. There were slight premonitory droppings, at intervals, all day, and we thought we detected, in the leaves of the trees and in the blades of grass, the dawning hope of a great rain, and it was so. It began raining at about six o'clock in the evening, and, with slight interruptions, rained till three on Monday morning. The timeliness of the shower, and its fall on the day of rest, brought to our minds the inimitable utterances of the Psalmist touching rain. We turned involuntarily to the one hundred and fourth psalm, that grand cosmical lyric—a portion of which Humboldt weaves most approvingly and appreciatingly into his "Cosmos." And well he may. He is more honored than honoring in the reference. These are the sacred poet's words on rain from heaven.—*Ohio Farmer.*

He sendeth the springs into the valleys;
They run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation;
They sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers;
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;

That he may bring forth food out of the earth—
Wine that maketh glad the heart,
Oil to make his face shine,
And bread, which strengtheneth man's heart.

PSALM CIV. 10-15.

In another place the Psalmist rejoices thus:

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp, unto our God,

Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food:
And the young ravens which cry.

PS. CXLVII. 7-9.

The Prophet seems to touch the same harp in the following passages:

When he uttereth his voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens.

He causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth.

He maketh the lightnings with rain,
And bringeth forth the winds out of his treasures.

JER. IX. 13.

Again the sweet singer of Israel tunes his harp for this theme in these words:

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it;
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water;

Thou preparest them corn, when thou has so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly,
Thou settest the furrows thereof,
Thou makest it soft with showers,
Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness,
And the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks,
The valleys also are covered with corn;
They shout for joy,
They also sing.

PS. LXV. 9-13.

Then here the Psalmist and Prophet accord in the following strain:

Then, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Ps. LXVIII. 9.

Are there any among the vanities (false Gods) of the Gentiles that can cause rain?
Or can the heavens give showers?
Art thou not he, O Lord, our God?
Therefore we will wait upon thee,
For thou hast made all these things.

JER. XIV. 22.

We close this psalm with the affirming questions of the sage of Uz:

Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

JOB XXXVIII. 28.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DE TOCQUEVILLE.

It was at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in the *salon* of Madame Bacamier, which was far from being a *bureau d'esprit*, but where a noble sympathy for all that was truly distinguished attracted all who were the ornament of the times—it was at the Abbaye-aux Bois that I first met M. de Tocqueville, some time after the appearance of the first part of his book on Democracy in America. I thenceforward formed the pleasant habit of going every year to pass some time at Tocqueville, whenever I was not at the other end of the world; and even that did not always keep me from going back to join my friends there. When at Paris, I used to dine with M. de Tocqueville every week. He was then a Deputy; and no one could have looked on his public duties as a more serious and responsible task. He was also a member of several important committees, more especially of those selected to report on the Abolition of Slavery in the French colonies and on the penitentiary system in prisons. He was also much engaged with the affairs and prospects of Algeria, and made two journeys thither in order to inspect the country for himself, although the first journey was the cause of a very serious disease, under which he suffered severely. He was accompanied by Mme. de Tocqueville—a wife worthy of such a husband—his constant companion in every task, project and occupation. She, too, was not to be beaten back by difficulties, and her firmness astonished all on board the steamer that transported the party along the coast of Algeria, and which was so nearly wrecked that the Arabs could be seen on shore waiting to take advantage of what they considered a certain prize.

M. de Tocqueville had many obstacles to overcome in order to take his place as a great Parliamentary speaker. But he strove so hard to overcome deficiencies of which no one was more sensible than himself, and he had so much to say that was worth hearing—such profound convictions, such apt delicacy of language, such a spring of patriotic enthusiasm—that he gradually made his way in the Chamber. As a minister in the early days of the Republic, he won universal esteem, not only by his great talents, but by the incorruptible integrity with which he always acted. He was also a man of excellent habits of business, and was singularly accurate, precise and courteous. "Even in ordinary life," says M. Ampère, "he demanded in every little thing the extremity of exactness and precision. He carried punctuality even to minuteness. Never have I known any mind less chimerical than his, although so largely given to abstract studies; never was there any thinker who had a greater passion for good sense. He carried out every detail of business, little or great, with a wonderful attention and circumspection. I have often thought that he would have been a model diplomatist, for he had a large mixture of